McKean County Miner.

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McKEAN-POTTER LEAGUE NOTES.

Many Games Have Been Postponed on Account of Rain.

PORT ALLEGANY LEADS LEAGUE.

Our Grounds Nearly Ready—Eldred Here Tuesday—Other Games.

Up to the present time Port Allegany sits on the top notch in the McKean-Potter base ball league. Just one of the league games has been played and the Canoe Place braves lifted the scalps of Eldred's Swamp Angels last Friday afternoon. This piece of work was accomplished amid great warwhoops from the Canoe Place contingent and copious showers in Eldred territory.

It was rather a featureless game throughout. The grounds were wet and slow and both teams spared the ball; on the horsehide sphere. There was nothing in the score getting line until the fourth course, when the Indians got a little too much dope in their pipe of peace and before they awoke the Heavenly Twins tilted gleefully over the plate. This awoke the wrath of the braves and they swatted the ball quite hard several times which confused the Angels to such an extent that five of the visiting bucks danced around the circle before the mist of the clouds drove the whole bunch to higher ground during the eighth course. Eldred had tallied twice and the visitors five times. The Port Allegany officials promised to send in a tabulated score for publication but we suppose they are too busy celebrating their victory to think of such things.

The heavy rain and poor condition of grounds has made it necessary to postpone a number of games. The Smethport and Austin-Coudersport games for last Friday, the Olean-Port Allegany game for last Tuesday and the Smethport-Austin game for yesterday were all postponed and we understand the Coudersport-Eldred game for to-day is also off.

Smethport will play her first game with Eldred next Tuesday on the new grounds near Nunumaker Island park and everybody should turn out to give the boys a welcome. The next game scheduled for here after Tuesday is with Port Allegany July 8, but probably the postponed game between Olean and Smethport will be played in the meantime.

Manager Morrison has leased from Elisha K. Kane the grounds lying between the Kushequa depot and the park for a term of years and they are being put in condition as fast as possible. Mr. Kane is to fence the grounds and he has a force of men at work now. The base ball management does the grading and fixing of the grounds and this work is progressing as fast as possible under weather conditions. Everything will lie in good shape for the game next Tuesday.

At first those who know these grounds are of the impression that they are rather small but when one looks them over carefully that impression changes. Centre field is the shortest and that is 200 feet from the home plate, which is much better than most ball grounds in this section.

Manager Morrison is making arrangements to erect a grandstand on the grounds.

To the generosity of Mr. Kane Smethport is indebted for this fine base ball park and his public-spirited act will long be cherished in the hearts of all of our citizens who love clean, legitimate sport. Those who remember his illustrious father, Gen. Thomas L. Kane, will acknowledge that the public-spirited generosity of the father has been inherited by the son. At the risk of displeasing Mr. Kane we will mention in this connection that he is the Prohibition candidate for Auditor General and Smethport should give him an unanimous vote.

Two Men Killed.

A special from Austin, dated June 24, says: A runaway log train on the Dunlevie lumber road to-day resulted in the killing of Albert George, engineer, and Jm. Peabody, a log scaler. Nine men were hurt by jumping from the runaway train against the rocks. The locomotive was drawing heavy cars up a steep grade when the weight of the train drew the little locomotive backward on the slippery rails. After running nearly two miles down grade, the train dashed off the track at a curve. Of the 15 men who had been on the train when at startled to run away, but two remained on, George and Peabody, both of whom were killed. The other men were found strown along the route of the runaway.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

A hand sprayer, 3 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. HAMLIN.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Fire at Smethport—Great Loss of Property—Loss About $40,000; Insurance $10,500.—On Tuesday morning last (March 24, 1868,) at twenty minutes after one o'clock, fire broke out through the roof of the Astor House barn, owned by William Haskell. The alarm of fire was given and in less than ten minutes more that fifty men were on the ground. Great exertions were made to stop the spread of the flames, but all was in vain, the sheds of the barn connecting A. N. Taylor's store on the east and the Astor House on the west, so that it was impossible to stop the spread of the flames at that juncture. Mr. Clinton Young, Mr. Taylor's clerk, was still asleep in the store, having gone to bed very late and being very tired he would not be wakened until after the store doors were broken open and they had got into the room where he was sleeping. After the doors were opened they immediately commenced carrying out the goods, and succeeded in getting out a good portion of the dry goods before the fire had got into the store room, but when the flames did get into the store room it was apparently but a second before the whole inside of the building was in a blaze and in less than twenty minutes the building was burned to the ground. Estimated loss about $25,000; insurance $14,000.

By the time Taylor's store had fallen in the east end of the Astor House was in flames. In the meantime the furniture which had been stored in the east end had belonged to Dr. Sprague had all been removed with the exception of a couple of stoves. Wm. Haskell owned the Astor House, or the east end of the building. His estimated loss is about $7,000; insurance to almost cover loss.

The furniture, etc., in the Williams House, or in the west end of the Astor House building belonging to H. F. Williams and G. M. Smith, was being removed as fast as possible, although it was but a few minutes from the time the flames got into the east end of the building until it was entirely destroyed nearly all the furniture, carpets, provisions, etc., were saved, although the furniture was materially damaged by moving. We understand that the Williams House had recently been sold by H. F. Williams to G. Corwin and A. N. Taylor, who had lately had it insured. The estimated loss is about $6,000; insurance $3,000.

The building recently occupied by Mr. McCarty for a shoe shop and owned by Miss Nancy Holmes, standing between the Astor House and A. N. Taylor's store, was also destroyed. No insurance.

By covering the roofs with wet carpets and keeping them saturated with water, the residences of Mrs. Milliken and H. Hamlin on the opposite side of the street from the Astor House, were saved, although the furniture and contents of Mrs. Milliken's house were all removed and were considerably damaged. The residence of Byron D. Hamlin on the east and the old "cash store" on the west were also saved by covering the roofs with wet carpets and keeping them saturated with water.

The morning was a very favorable one, there being but very little of any air stirring. We have probably not had another such a calm, still morning this spring.

The fire seems to have been the work of an incendiary and will undoubtedly be ferreted out.

We would state that the citizens interested and owning property in the vicinity of the late conflagration, with perhaps an exception, feel extremely grateful for the assistance rendered them in their hour of peril.

On Saturday, March 28, 1868, Albert Freer of Port Allegany, a young man who was working in the saw mill of A. S. Arnold & Co. at that place, was accidentally thrown upon the carriage and his leg so badly broken and mangled by the circular saw that amputation was necessary. The operation was performed by Dr. S. D. Freeman, assisted by Dr. Hogarth of this place and Dr. Caultry of Port Allegany. The leg was amputated between the knee and the ankle. The patient when last heard from was getting along finely.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, April 2, 1868, by Rev. R. K. Pierce, Mr. James Barnes to Miss Amanda Burnhame, all of Hamlin township, Pa.

Several rafts of pine and hemlock timber were started out of Potato and Marvin creeks for Pittsburg during the past week, the water being at a favorable rafting stage.

The pigeons fly in large numbers on the flats along the Allegany river and Potato creek in Farmers Valley, about four miles from this place. The pigeon catchers are doing a big business catching them and selling them at the nets *for fifty cents per dozen.*

The members of the Rose Hill Cemetery Association did a noble work on Tuesday last in the way of setting out shade trees around the cemetery grounds. About one hundred beautiful trees, mostly maple, were transplanted, extending entirely around the grounds.

The Mme. Rive-King Recital.

It was a thoroughly pleased audience that attended the recital at the Lyceum theatre last Thursday evening, given by Mme. Julia Rive-King, pianist, assisted by Miss Margaret McCalmont, soprano, and Miss Anna C. Rockwell, accompanist, and it is to be regretted that the promoters of this excellent entertainment were not rewarded with a larger audience. As it was the receipts fell some short of the expenses, but through the liberality of a citizen the deficit was made up.

The playing of Mme. Rive-King was wonderful and faultless, and showed what years of study had accomplished for the brilliant pianist. Her program consisted of several choice and difficult selections from the world's best composers and included two very pretty compositions of her own. The excellent rendition of each number, coupled with the pianist's pleasing manner succeeded in captivating the audience and judging from comments heard no better pianist has ever appeared before a Smethport audience.

Miss Margaret McCalmont has a rich soprano voice and has a beautiful stage appearance. The six numbers rendered by this talented vocalist lent much to the evening's enjoyment.

Mme. Rive-King was unable to bring her own piano, owing to the inability of the railroad to transport it from Warren to this place. But the management secured the loan of a Stultz & Baker piano from J. W. Milligan of Bradford.

Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrated.

The thirtieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Father P. Cosgrove of St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church, Smethport, was celebrated on Tuesday in an appropriate manner.

Solemn High Mass was held at 10 a. m., Rev. Cosgrove and a number of visiting priests participated in the impressive service, which was attended by a large congregation. Special music by an enlarged choir was rendered at this service.

A dinner was given the visiting priests in honor of the occasion which was attended by the following gentlemen: Rev. Father Baker of Port Allegany, Rev. Father Doyle of Clermont, Rev. Father Blake of St. Jewett, Rev. Father Downey of Emporium, Rev. Father Alexander and Rev. Father Thomas of Allegany, N. Y.

During the services many deserved tributes to the life and priesthood of Father Cosgrove were paid by his colleagues which were much appreciated by the reverend gentleman and his congregation. Father Cosgrove is a noble man who has worked hard and accomplished much for his cause and too much cannot be said in his behalf.

A Birthday Surprise.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin gave a surprise party Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Hamlin's thirtieth birthday, to which the members of the C. & C. Club and a few friends were invited. After Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin had received the congratulations of the party all repaired to the dining room to enjoy a "rabbit." At each plate was a miniature stein containing a card on which was a quotation appropriate to the recipient of the menace. When the cigars and cigarettes were passed the merry party dropped into a reminiscent strain and many stories and anecdotes were recited and the time for adieus came too soon. That the host may pass at least thirty more anniversaries in happiness and health was the unanimous wish of the party assembled.

Shoemaker-Reid.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Reid, of 207 Breckenridge street, Buffalo, N. Y., on Wednesday, June 24, 1903, Mr. William Garran Shoemaker was united in marriage to Miss June Wheeler Reid.

The bride is spoken of as one of Buffalo's most charming and accomplished young ladies. Mr. Shoemaker is the only son of the late John R. Shoemaker of this place. He has been a resident of Buffalo for the past seven or eight years and is a trusted employe of the Buffalo Cement Co. He is a popular young man wherever he is known and a host of Smethport friends will join with the MINER in wishing him and his bride a life of happiness.

The Land and Improvement Co.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company is offering a number of valuable lots for sale on Bank, Ramer and Nelson streets at prices which should attract those wishing to own a home in Smethport. These lots are located most desirably for residences and the prices range from $50 to $200 each. The payments are on easy terms, with but a small amount of cash at the time of purchase. The amount you are paying in rent now would buy you a comfortable home in from five to eight years. Guy McCoy will cheerfully explain prices, terms, etc., to anyone who wishes such information.

For Sale

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

NEGRO BURNED AT THE STAKE.

He was the Ravisher of a 17-Year-Old School Girl.

WRETCH MADE FULL CONFESSION.

A Mob of 4,000 Led by a Southerner Did the Work—Some Arrests Made.

George F. White, the negro who ravished and murdered 17-year-old Helen S. Bishop at Wilmington, Del., was burned at the stake early Tuesday morning after confessing his guilt, by a mob of about 4,000 indignant citizens.

Monday evening a large mob led by a Southerner began to gather around the New Castle county workhouse, where White was confined, and demanded the prisoner. The officers refused to give him up and the doors of the prison were broken down and White was removed after a lively battle in which several people were injured in an exchange of shots. He was taken to the place where he committed the terrible crime and all preparations made for his punishment. He was bound firmly to a stake and wood and brush piled around him and he was saturated with oil. Then the torch was applied.

When the fire was kindled the flames leaped up and licked the man's hands. He was held erect by one of the leaders until his clothing was burning fairly. He rolled about and his contortions were terrible, but he made no sound. Suddenly the ropes on his legs parted, and he sprang from the fire and started to run. A man struck him in the head with a piece of fence rail and knocked him down. Willing hands threw him again into the flames. He rolled out several times, but was promptly replaced. While this was going on shouts, cheers and jibes went up from the crowd. When the negro had ceased to show signs of life the body was placed on its back and fuel was piled upon it until air curing fire was soon consuming it.

White's confession, made just before the torch was applied to the pile of oil-soaked lashes around him, was an admission of everything and more than had been charged against him. He said: "I was sent by Mr. Woodward to the corn field to try some corn. I saw Mr. Woodward's daughter and intended to assault her, but a couple of men came along in a wagon and I did not disturb her. Then I saw the Bishop girl and I followed her. I seized her and asked her if she had any money she would give me to let her go. She gave me 60 cents. Then I again seized her and she said, 'Please don't hurt me.'

"I choked her and accomplished my purpose. Then I asked her if she was going to tell on me. She said she was. I gave her a back in the throat with my knife and asked again if she was going to inform on me. She said she was and then I cut her throat twice again and left her. After that I came back to Mr. Woodward and told him there was no good water to drink down there and he sent me some where else. I went back once but soon left. Then I went back to the house and put on a white hat instead of the cap that I wore. You would not do this if I was a white man and did that."

White, although in terrible agony, remained conscious until he died.

One or two people who participated in the lynching have been arrested and it is claimed that more will follow but it is not expected that much will come of these arrests.

Wants to Fight a Prayer Duel.

A Chicago dispatch, dated June 24, says: Dr. Dowie has been challenged to a praying duel to the death by Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Quadian, India.

"Come thou, O self-styled prophet, to a duel," says Mirza in his den. "The weapons shall be prayer. Let us kneel on our knees in the dust of the earth, you and I together, and petition the Almighty that of us two whoever is the liar, shall perish first."

Elijah II has not accepted the challenge. Mirza says he is "the promised Messiah," sent "for the reformation of the world exactly at the time fixed by calculations made on Biblical prophecies."

"I am the very Messiah, the promised one, for whom he is so anxiously waiting. Between Dr. Dowie's position and mine, the difference is this: Dowie fixes the appearance of the Messiah within the next 25 years, while I give him the glad tidings that the Messiah has already appeared. I am that Messiah. I will pray him to death to settle the question."

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

RIGHT-OF-WAY COMBAT.

It was Quite Exciting But was Declared Off by Orders from Rochester.

The warfare waged from midnight until 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning between the employes of the Bradford Gas company and the B., R. & P. railway on account of the laying of a gas line under the latter's tracks, was a drawn contest until General Manager Megelaut gave permission for the proposed construction work and the respective forces were removed from the scene. The Bradford Gas company, which had recently completed its main from Potter county to this city, had excavated on either side of the B., R. & P. tracks, near the Emery refinery, and the employes awaited a favorable opportunity of tunneling under the railway. The heavy rains of Monday night furnished the desired conditions and the work was fully half completed before the B., R. & P. officials discovered the trick, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

A wrecking car was immediately dispatched to the scene, together with a large force of section hands, and an effort was made to tear out the gas line. This action was resented by the employes of the gas company and a hand-to-hand encounter was narrowly averted by the arrival of the police, shortly after 2 o'clock Tuesday morning.

At daylight the battle was resumed and several formidable contests took place between the adherents of the two factions. A carload of sand was dumped alongside the track for the purpose of filling in the excavation made by the gas men, but the latter flooded the material with water and the railway men were unable to handle it to any advantage.

Five lines of hose were strung from as many different hydrants and the Emery stockade by the gas employes, and the laying of the main under the tracks was again commenced, the workers being protected by the aid of the streams which were kept playing on the opposition force. Despite the protection thus afforded them the gas men were repeatedly driven from their positions, only to renew the effort with greater vigor and increased determination to succeed.

The boiler of the wrecking car was rendered useless by an ingenious hoseman, who directed the stream into the air in such a manner as to cause the water to fall into the smokestack, extinguishing the fire and placing the railroad men at a decided disadvantage in their fight for supremacy. In the course of the contest both sides became thoroughly soaked by the rains and water from the lines of hose and the men presented a very dilapidated appearance when word was received from the railway officials that permission had been granted the gas company to cross the tracks with their line, and that the battle was off.

The employes of both companies took the matter good naturedly and at the cessation of hostilities the men shook hands and congratulated one another on the stubborn and determined contest put up by them. Several hundred persons witnessed the crossing warfare.

During the melee Train Inspector Peter Frazer and Wrecking Master C. R. McKay of the B., R. & P. were arrested and taken before Alderman Osborne, who placed them under bonds to keep the peace. There were others who were not peaceable but they were not arrested.

Made a Good Business Deal

By the aid of good business and executive ability Attorney John F. Stone and Editor J. B. Coulston of this place have cleared about $15,000 on a land deal. Some months ago these gentlemen secured an option on the Dent tract of land at Brookland, composed of about 4,400 acres, from a Mr. Arnot of Elmira. Friday last a deal was consummated whereby Messrs. Stone and Coulston disposed of the timber on the land to the Bradford Hardwood Lumber company for $36,000. The tract contains four good farms, numerous houses and barns, and a large amount of good farm land which can be disposed of for a sufficient amount to enable Messrs. Coulston and Stone to clear $15,000 on the speculation. Lawyers are expected to make money in "bundles," but when a newspaper man makes such a lucky strike the fact is worthy of the place of a valuable news item.—Potter Enterprise.

A Man Seldom Gets so Full

of emotion that he has no room for his dinner, provided the meal is cooked in Stransky Steel Enamel Ware. We import it from Germany. Our name on every piece. It's quadruple coated, pure zinc and lasts for years. Holmes & Gilfillan.

McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Mowers, Reapers, Binders, Rakes, Le Roy Plows. Every machine guaranteed by the company. If you want the best, buy McCormick goods. For sale by

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., June 17, 1903. 3t

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

A Big Job and Small Pay.

When the legislature passed the act for the improvement of the public roads of the Commonwealth it provided for the appointment of a State Commissioner of Highways. That official has not yet been named, owing, it is understood, to the fact that no one with the proper qualifications can be found to accept the place for the $5,000 salary provided, says the Philadelphia Press.

This is an illustration of the kind of legislation this State gets on subjects of the widest importance to all the people. There was no matter before the legislature at its last session of more general value than this one of road improvement. The act, itself as passed, was in the main a comprehensive measure, but its execution is hampered by the failure to appreciate that a competent commissioner could not be expected for the salary law provided. The same legislature, however, did not hesitate to increase the pay of the State Treasurer from $5,000 to $8,000 a year, though that official is but little more than a cashier to receive money and pay it out on proper warrant, and the office never went begging even before the pay was increased.

There are some places under the State Government which bring to the incumbents anywhere from $10,000 to $22,000 a year. There are officials in this city occupying nearly useless places under authority of the State, whose salaries are larger than that fixed for the State Commissioner of Highways. The conditions are not creditable and it they shall finally make necessary the selection of someone for Commissioner of Highway who merely measures up to the salary and not to the responsible and important requirements of the place it will prove a public misfortune.

The legislature would perform a rare and valuable public service if it would take up and properly adjust this whole question of compensation of officials. Many of the places requiring skill and the best talent carry most inadequate salaries, while others which require no ability, and in fact are largely left to deputies and clerks, return a fortune to the incumbent in the course of a few years. Such conditions are a public wrong, and the result must be keenly felt when it is found impossible to secure proper services in some of the most important work.

Men who are really fit to direct the great work of road improvement as it should be done are getting much more than the State offers, and for want of proper intelligence in the legislature the State must suffer.

Steinhauer-Moody.

A pretty but quiet home wedding was solemnized at high noon June 17, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Steinhauer of Farmers Valley, when their daughter, Evelyn, was united in marriage to Leon A. Moody of Coryville, by the Rev. W. A. Bennett of Bradford.

The room was prettily decorated with ferns and laurel and the wedding party entered to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Roeder of Kushequa.

The bride was gowned in white and carried white carnations. She was accompanied by her sister, Frances, and the groom by his brother, Carl. After the ceremony a wedding lunch was served. The happy young couple left for parts unknown.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody are popular and highly respected young people and their many friends wish them all happiness. Many beautiful gifts were received.

Among the out of town guests were: Mrs. and Miss Bennett of Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. C. Moody, Mrs. D. Moody, Carl Moody and Elsie Moody of Coryville; Theodore Steinhauer of Punxsutawney; Miss Lucy Tarbox of Alma, N. Y.; Miss Winifred Roeder of Kushequa, and Mrs. M. Wright and Mrs. B. H. Moody of Eldred.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody will be at home in Coryville after July 10.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between George W. Shillenn and Henry M. Torrence, under the firm name of Shillenn & Torrence, was on June 10, 1903, dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are payable to George W. Shillenn, to whom all bills owed by the late firm are to be presented for payment.

GEORGE W. SHILLENN,
HENRY M. TORRENCE.

Y. P. S. C. E., Denver, Colo.

Lowest rates and best train service via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale July 6 to 8, good return limits. Splendid opportunity to visit Denver. Write C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y., or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

In Full Operation

day and night in front of our store. A Meyers reversible hay carrier. It will pay you to look into this. Will pay for itself in one haying. Holmes & Gilfillan.

McCormick Machines are the best in the world; terms and prices right. For sale by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

June 17, 1903.-5t

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides.

J. C. HAMLIN.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

An Innocent Strategist

By STILLETTA PEYTON BURKE

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If there had not been a wedding at 326 Granville avenue, there might not have been one exactly two months later at 325, just across the way.

The wedding had been the finest that the pretty southern town had seen for many a day. Now that it was over there was a small brigade of caterers and florists' assistants scurrying about packing up cut glass and candelabra and stowing away chairs and portable palms into patient carts. Alice Dorothy, flattening her little nose against the window pane in the house opposite in her eagerness, hated the very last of it, sighed regretfully.

Last night, for one brief, blissful moment, mamma had held her up to kiss the bride in all her glory of veil and flowers and shimmering satin. Then she had been hurried home with Hepzy.

And this morning there was nothing left of it all but a few wilted chrysanthemums scattered on the walk and a trail of rice across the lawn. The beautiful dream had vanished; but, oh, how

THE CHILD GAZED AT HIM VERY SERIOUSLY AND VERY CRITICALLY.

she longed to have a wedding of her very own! Mamma had gone out, but perhaps Hepzy would talk to her about it again.

Hepzy, the good natured, was in the upper room making beds. Alice Dorothy sped upstairs as fast as her diminutive legs would carry her.

"Oh, Hepzy," she burst out, her bright eyes rosy with running and ardent interest, "won't mamma let us have a wedding some time too?"

"Bress yo' heart, honey, day couldn't be no weddin' 'thout a bride nohow!"

"But, Hepzy, mamma could be that. She's more pretter'n Miss Edith."

Hepzy's fat sides began to heave as she patted a pillow into its proper roundity, her black plain silhouetted against its snowy, befrilled covering. "I doh reckon, chile, yo' maw's much notion o' marryin' no mo, seein' she's hed one clah scape."

"What's a clah scape, Hepzy?"

"Lawd bress de chile, it ain't nothin' dat consums one livin' soul but his'self, honey. An' now sumever dar ain't nevah bin no wedding 'thout a bridegroom, shuah's yo' bawin, lil' gal."

"A bwidegoom?"

"Yans, chile; sittin' shuah—de passon wot stan' nex' de bride an' tell her bokay while she has a-fits den of 'em, yuh."

Alice Dorothy was silent for a brief instant in the face of this unlooked for obstacle. Then, with a thoughtful picking on the little forehead, "Praps we could get one, Hepzy."

"Now, yo' is off'n de trac', lil' gal. Dar ain't no fittin' 'bout it. He has come, an' gone 'sides till he by an' by he leabs off a-comin' an' teks de bride off to his own residunce."

"Oh," explained the perplexed little questioner, with a dimpling smile of illumination, "Mr. Donald comes nearly every day. Praps he would be th' bwidegoom?"

"Fo' heaben's sake, chile, wot sin de mattah wif yo' sawsh dat yo' maw done tie so scrumptious fore she done gone out? It's a-dragin' on de lil' gal's mon'ly tail."

The little girl looked gravely at the picture. Hepzy had successfully turned the drift of conversation which, as she decided to Marie Smith that afternoon with numerous nudgings, the fates had seemed to do so ill disposed, while she stitched too fussed.

Mamma and Alice Dorothy had been swinging to and fro in the hammock for a long time that evening. When the little girl, nestling closer, had asked in her sweet, inquiring fashion if they couldn't have a wedding some time like Miss Edith's, and she, too, that Mr. Donald would come, too, 'cause Hepzy said there couldn't be none 'thout a bwidegoom, mamma had kissed her quickly on the mouth and told her never, never to say anything like that again.

"And mamma's little girl must be very quiet, too, when anybody calls, because"—with a half sigh—"mamma's afraid that Mr. Donald doesn't like little girls."

The front door bell rang sharply. A messenger had come to say that Mrs. Nelson had just received word that her son had been killed and would Mrs. Cranston come over for awhile until her sister could get there.

Alice Dorothy had a tiny scheme tucked away in her active little brain. She was pleased when mamma had turned on the lights and told her she might "sit up" awhile in the big rocker.

It was very still in the house after mamma had gone, and the small eyelids drooped heavily. Then the bell rang again, and the half closed eyes flew wide open as their owner gave a quick little breath.

Yes, she was sure he would come! There he stood looking down at the round, frizzly head. He was saying something about finding her alone. He was big and broad shouldered, and his eyes were sniffing at her.

The child gazed at him very seriously and very critically for a moment, and then the dimples broke.

"I tought p'raps you'd come," she said, looking up at him ecstatically.

"You were looking for me then?"

"Yes. I wanted t' ask if you'd be th' bwidegoom at our wedding, an' stan' by the cuttings wif th' bu'ful bwide."

"Whose wedding, Alice Dorothy? Yours?" There was a note of eager curiosity in the questioning voice.

"Yes, mine an' mamma's. Hepzy says she 'spects I have a bwidegoom like Miss Edif had, an' I fought p'raps you'd be it."

He lifted the child in his arms and sat down in the roomy rocker.

Alice Dorothy nestled close to him confidingly. He was not smiling now, but the child's quick instinct told her that he could be relied upon. She liked Mr. Donald very much.

"An' my mamma she fought we could never have a bu'ful wedding 'cause p'raps you don't like little gulls, an' it made her sorry to fink 'bout dat."

"Did she say that, little one?"

"No, she don't say it, she on'y whispered."

Mr. Donald sat up very straight. He seemed to forget that Alice Dorothy was there.

It was very uncomfortable sitting like that. And what did he mean when he kissed her hair so suddenly and called her a little "angel of light" and said that he understood now—it was quite clear—and he hoped they would all be very happy yet.

And now he was holding her tight in his arms, his brown cheek close to her soft pink one, rocking slowly to and fro. In spite of everything the drowsy eyelids would drop over the happy, sleepy eyes.

"An' it will be th' mos' bu'fulest wedding—an' Mr. Donal'—you do like—little girls—splain to—to mamma, please, so she—won't be—sorry—an'—"

The man and the child were very quiet now. One had slipped away in to dreamland and the other was fashioning a fine dream of his own.

* * * * * * *

When Alice Dorothy awoke, she was in her own little bed, and mamma was bending over her, her face hidden in the child's silky curls.

The bridegroom taked care of me, mamma, an' an' slowly—did he splain it 'bout little gulls?"

"Yes, darling, he has explained, and—"

Alice Dorothy did not hear the rest. Mamma's voice was too soft or too far away, but two months later, looking one day, she had a wedding of her very own.

Both Work and Think.

I do not know whether it was from overwork or why it was, but every now and then Farrar had an unfortunate habit of mechanically repeating himself. During one term, when this habit was at its worst, we used to have weekly lessons in the Septuagint, in every other verse of which the Greek words for "word" and "work" are interchanged. Regularly every Monday morning he used to explain his confusion in these words, "The reason why 'ergon' is used here instead of 'logos' is that it is a translation of the Hebrew word Dabar, which means both word and thing." Those four last monosyllables used to boom forth like Big Ben striking four, or like the sound of two great organs. One Monday morning Thersites, who sat next to me, whispered in my ear, "We have not had Dabar yet. Shall I get it?" I replied, "Do if you dare." And he unblushingly asked why "ergon" was used instead of "logos" in the passage which had just been translated. "Ah!" said our reverend master, "you could not be expected to know that. But the reason," &c. It came out verbatim. He walked with stately tread straight into the open trap. Thersites remained looking wistfully with wide blue eyes as in a picture.—Cornhill Magazine.

Having Her Way.

"There's nothing the matter with this carpet, my dear," remarked Niggard to his wife, who was cleaning house and said she couldn't make the place look nice unless there was a new floor covering in the front room. "All it needs is a good beating," he continued.

After having a merry tattoo on the carpet with a stick out in the back yard for half an hour, Niggard, with an exultant expression on his face, called to his wife:

"Come here, my dear. See, it looks just as good as new one."

"I don't see how you can say such a thing," replied his wife with tears in her eyes. "It's just as faded as it ever was, and you've only made more holes in it."

"Do you mean to say I don't know how to shake a carpet?" demanded Niggard, his vanity touched.

"I do," replied his better half in a tone that left no doubt what the result would be. "You are going to shake that old carpet for a new one."—New York Times.

He Dared.

Parke—Peterkin has a lot of moral courage, hasn't he?

Lane—How do you know?

"Why, I got half way through a story I was telling him when I asked him if he had heard it, and he said he had."—Detroit Free Press.

Unhappy Man!

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the victim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My first sweetheart died, the second jilted me, and the third became my wife!"

The Jordan's course in a straight line is only sixty miles. Along its stream it measures 218 miles.

TWO KINDS OF GRASS.

The Minister Finally Got the Source of His Text Correct.

At a certain revival meeting of colored folks in a church in North Carolina the minister announced from the pulpit: "My text is 'Let de woman learn in silence wid all subjection.' You will done fin' it in de second chapter, 'leventh verse, ob Clover." At this mention of an unknown epistle a good brother plucked the coat tails of the minister. The latter turned round, then again faced the audience. "In spite of de interruption," he said, "I repeat de text as I'rom de second chapter, 'leventh verse, ob Clover." Again the coat tails were plucked, and the minister glared at the plucker only to turn once more to the congregation. "Brudder Johnson," he said, "objects to de text. 'Let woman learn in silence.' We all know dat Sister Johnson am not a silent woman. But I done repeats dat de text will be found in de second chapter, 'leventh verse, ob Clover." Here Brother Johnson rose to the minister's ear and whispered earnestly. "Oh," said the minister. Then to the gaping people: "I asks Sister Johnson's pardon. Her husband says I made a mistake in de 'ruition. My text will not be found in de second chapter, 'leventh verse, ob Clover, but in de second chapter, 'leventh verse, ob Timothy. I knowed it was some kind ob grass."

Real Doctoring.

Doc Judson had never taken so much as a single course in medical study, but he was in greater demand than the regular practitioner of Crowville, who had a degree and a trained diploma in his office.

"I'd rather trust to Bill Judson's doctoring than any that's learned out o' medicine books," said Old Lady Simmons.

When pressed for a reason for this preference the old lady had one unfailing answer.

"When Doc was 'way one time I was took with rheumatism in my side, an' I had to let daughter Jane send for the diplomy doctor. He give me medicines an' said the rheumatism would give way to 'em. It did give way leetle by leetle, an' dimply wore off, leaving me weak as a rag.

"Well, now, when I have one o' those spells an' Doc Judson tends me he comes in, gives one look at me, mixes up a glass o' his herb stuff, an' in less'n twelve hours he has that rheumatism a-rustling all over me from head to feet, departing in a half dozen directions an' no chance for my mind to dwell on any one spot an' say, 'It's the wust, that.' That's what I call doctoring."

A Lawyer's Apology.

Some years ago there was an old judge on the bench in Berks county whose decisions, in consequence of numerous reversals, did not always command universal respect. One day in a case in which he was sitting one of the lawyers lost patience at his inability to see things in a certain light and, in the heat of the moment remarked that the intellect of the court was so dark a flash of lightning could not penetrate it. For this contempt the judge showed a disposition to be very severe with the offender, and it was only after much persuasion by friends of the latter that he yielded and decided to accept a public apology. The following day the lawyer, accordingly, appeared before his honor and made amends by saying:

"I regret very much that I said the intellect of the court was so dark lightning could not penetrate it. I guess it could. It is a very penetrating thing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tools of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians had tools for stone working equal to anything in use today. They used both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills were set with jewels, probably corundum, and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills, it is said, and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in the hard granite give no indication of the wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth part of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. Of the material and method of making the tools nothing is known.

Wrong Foot Out of Bed.

About half the world puts the wrong foot out of bed in the morning. But which is the wrong foot? It is a superstition as old as the hills that if the left foot touches the floor first you will have bad luck that day. Probably multitudes of men avoid this by sleeping on the right side of the bed, so that in rising the right foot naturally comes first in contact with the floor. It is said to be a fact that most people lie on their right side because of the prevalent notion that the heart has freer action.—New York Press.

When Romans Kissed.

Rowena, the beautiful daughter of the Saxon Hengist, is credited with having introduced kissing into the British islands. The Romans had a really delightful word for a kiss—osculum, which came from os, the mouth, and meant a little mouth, a sweet mouth. "Give me a sweet little mouth" would be the phrase used when a good little Roman boy asked his mother for a kiss.

The First Allusion to the Horse.

In that portion of Genesis which tells the story of Joseph, the famine, etc., we find the first historical allusion to the horse, and further on in holy writ we read of the horses of the great and wise Solomon, which numbered 40,000—that is, if the 40,000 stalls for horses are to be taken as a criterion.

Both to Blame.

John—You are always busy when I come in.

Charles—Well, you always come in when I'm busy.

We can never find out what the future has in store for us until we have paid the storage charges.—Puck.

MASTERS OF MUSIC.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND THEIR PECULIAR METHODS OF WORK.

Eccentric Habits, as a Rule, Are Linked With This Phase of Genius. Haydn's Dress Suit and Sapphire Ring and Beethoven's Wild Walks.

All the great musical composers had their own peculiar ideas and manner of working. They had their peculiar traits, their moods, their eccentric habits, such as are generally said to mark the genius. In "Musical Education" M. Lavignac tells of their peculiarities.

Haydn was a very early riser," he writes, "and yet he never worked except in full dress, in which he was like Buffon. He began by shaving himself carefully, powdered, himself and put on his finger a very fine ring, a sapphire I believe, surrounded with brilliants, which had been given him by the great Frederick, unless it was Prince Esterhazy. That done, he shut himself up in a quiet room and wrote for several consecutive hours, five or six, without stopping.

"Mozart, the gentle and pious Mozart, was sometimes less particular and composed a little everywhere and under all conditions. Happily the ideas came often enough and pursued him even into the restaurants of Vienna, Prague and Munich, where he was very fond of playing billiards and smoking a pipe and composing in his head.

"Rossini composed almost constantly and in all ways, rarely at the piano, most often in the evening or at night, and, like Mozart, often found inspiration in a carriage or post chaise. In the irregular jottings of these vehicles he perceived rhythm, and of these rhythms melodies were born. There is no doubt that he would have found them in the respiration of the railroad if he had dared to try, but he had such a dread of this mode of locomotion that no one was ever able to induce him to set foot in a car.

"Gluck, composed violently gesticulating, walking up and down and acting all his characters, often in the open air, on the lawn or a garden.

"Beethoven also undoubtedly found a powerful auxiliary to inspiration in motion and walking. Whatever the season, every day after dinner, which was at 1 o'clock, according to the Viennese custom, he set out for a walk, and, with big strides twice made the circuit of the city of Vienna. Neither cold nor heat nor rain nor hail was able to stop him. Then it was that his hear of fancy attained its full ardor. He would enter a restaurant, sit down for an instant and ask the stupefied waiter for the bill, without having ordered anything. His clumsiness was prodigious. He usually broke everything he touched. Not a single piece of furniture in his house, and any article of value less than anything else, was safe from his attacks, and many times his fist fell into the piano by which he was working, which, religiously preserved in the museum at Bonn, still retains its lifelong traces. Although he had always lived in the midst of the high Viennese aristocracy, in which the white room dances were held in high honor, he never succeeded in dancing in time.

"Herold composed while walking, humming or singing, often in the Champs Elysees, and often passed his best friends by without recognizing them.

"Hummel composed especially at the table, or at least in his head. When he wrote, everything was absolutely clear in his brain. His manuscripts prove this.

"Wagner liked to write standing up before a large table desk like the cash desks in the shops. His scores were written without erasures, in a superb calligraphic hand, admirable for its clearness and fringes and worthy of a professional copyist.

"Berlioz, who played no instruments but the guitar, flute and flageolet, necessarily worked at the table.

"Franck, who was the head of a school, scarcely composed at all till after 9 o'clock in the evening.

"Meyerbeer wrote in a regular manner in the evening, and his servant had orders to drag him away from the piano at the stroke of midnight. Schumann would not admit that any one could write otherwise than at a table. Mendelssohn made much use of the piano and preferred to work in the morning. Auber generally worked at night and very late, till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, in order to avoid outside noises.

"Halevy had a table piano that had been made for him by Pleyel. From time to time he would draw out his keyboard, strike a few chords on it, and then hush it back like a simple drawer and continue to write.

"Boieldieu also wrote at the piano. Felicien David, not being much of a pianist, sometimes sought the aid of his violin. Adolphe Adam almost always worked at the grand piano the right hand side of whose keyboard was stained with innumerable splashes of ink. He shaved eight, ten or twelve bars, and then wrote them down. Bizet worked especially in the evening and still more at night; he often made use of a piano bureau by Pleyel, like Gounod and Halevy."

Byron's Joke on His Publisher.

Byron once sent his friend John Murray a present of a Bible. It was placed on the bookshelf and left there for years untouched till at a dinner party the verification of a text being required, the Bible was referred to. A page had been turned down, and it was found that in the verse "Now, Barabbas was a robber" the word "publisher" had been substituted. The poor little pleasantry had lain hidden all those long years.

Not What She Expected.

Clara (fishing for a compliment)—This is your fourth dance with me. Why don't you dance with some of the other girls?

Charlie—Well, the fact is I dance so badly I hate to ask them.

The postal service is something that cannot be stamped out.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

INVISIBLE LIGHT.

Only When It Strikes the Retina of the Eye Can It Be Seen.

What is the simplest demonstration of the fact that light is invisible?

The blackness of a midnight sky demonstrates this fact most readily. We may see the planets of the moon brilliantly illuminated by the sun's rays, but the surrounding space is dark, although we know that light must be passing there.

The passage of a beam of light through a darkened room is only visible on the dust in the air, and the cone of light seen when the sun shines through a small hole in a shutter is not visible, but only light reflected from the motes in the beam. This can be easily and simply demonstrated by placing in the beam a glass vessel from which the dust has been carefully removed. The beam then may be seen before and after entering the vessel, but is invisible within. A Bunsen burner or a redhot poker held so as to destroy the motes will also render the beam invisible at that spot.

Light is only visible when it strikes on the retina of the eye, and it can only do so when it reaches it in a direct line or is turned by a reflecting or refracting into a direct line. Just as the bullets from a gun do a man no harm unless aimed or turned in their course toward his body, so light is without effect unless it is aimed or turned toward the retina.—Pearson's Weekly.

First Women on the English Stage.

It is only with the restoration drama that the annals of actresses on the English stage begin. Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., had early made a vain attempt to introduce the French fashion of female players into her adopted country by the establishment of a French company composed only of women in London. But the experiment was premature, and the foreigners were hissed and pelted off the stage at their first performance.

Until 1660 the female parts had always been taken by boys, and the custom survived even after women had taken their place upon the stage, since some of the most famous of the boy actors grown into men continued occasionally to play their favorite roles as late as the end of the seventeenth century. Kynaston, the chief boy actor, survived till 1690, long after the belles had ousted him from the principal parts, and in bull Pepys, who saw him in the "Silent Woman," speaks of him as "the loveliest lady for a boy" he had ever seen.

Advice.

The best advice that can be given probably is: Take all the advice you can get and then do as you please. The successful person, or the one whom the crowd counts successful, is being constantly besieged with applications for advice how to succeed. He is generally incapable of giving it. The same advice, coming of all the maxims generally applicable, is seldom good for two persons. Advice, as a rule, is cheap and about as valuable as most cheap things. To be constantly following advice without stopping to consider its source is the plain mark of weakness. It is this trait of weak human nature which makes the business of the patent medicine maker so profitable. The person of power is the one who neither gives nor takes advice to generous quantities. The world would be better off if advice were much less plentiful. Then, perhaps, its quality might rise in proportion to its scarcity.—New London Telegraph.

Sleep.

Sleep begins in its first phase, by a state of distraction which brings on states of absent mindedness accompanied always by numerous and separate hallucinations closely connected with the length of the absent minded states. Immediately afterward, in a second phase, these states of distraction pass into a very delicate motor disturbance, due to the absence of parallelism in the axes of the eyes or by the deviation of their conjugate movements. Then, in a third and final phase, which indicates the very near approach of actual sleep, the vasomotor system seems to conform to laws very different from those that regulate its mechanism during waking hours.—Revue Scientifique.

A Gentleman.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow citizens and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil and good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be. Show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.—Thackeray.

Follies in Epitaphs.

In a cemetery indefinitely located on the Susquehanna river there is a grave with this epitaph on the marble memorial slab: "Sacred to the memory of Lewis Hetrick, He Voted the Democratic Ticket Rather Reglar." A Baton Rouge (La.) gravestone bears this legend: "Here lies the body of David Jones. His last words were, 'I die a Christian and a Democrat.'"

Two Views of It.

"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.

"Bliss is the name for it," said the young husband enthusiastically.

"You are right," said the henpecked one gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

Quite Capable.

"He's a remarkably frank man."

"How so?"

"Why, the heiress asked him if he was sure he could take care of her when he proposed, and he said he was sure he could if he had her money to do it with."—Chicago Post.

Working Well.

The Querist—What do you think of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest?

The Egotist—It is all right so far. I am still alive.—Kansas City Journal.

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa. Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

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First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Horses and Buggies to Let.

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Rented, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

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ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,

LIME,

WALL PLASTER,

BRICK,

DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,

LUMBER,

SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,

SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 25, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See change in the P., S. & N. R. R. time table.

—A reduction sale of clothing is advertised by Wm. Monheimer this week.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory will close for the summer on Tuesday next.

—Mary L. Bisett of the 5 and 10-cent store advertises fireworks and flags in this issue.

—Warner's Business College has just placed a graduate as bookkeeper for a bank in West Virginia.

—Quite a delegation went to Olean on Sunday to attend a meeting of the Knights of Columbus.

—After reading the Smethport correspondence in the Bradford Sunday News one is inclined to say "O, Judge."

—Smethport High School orchestra is improving rapidly and now it ranks with some of the best orchestras of this section.

—Miss Anna McGraw, a graduate of Warner's Business College has accepted the position of stenographer and bookkeeper for the Star Publishing Co.

—Six hotel licenses were granted to Condersport hotel men last week. This is the first time in forty years that the county seat of Potter county has had a licensed place.

—One of Condersport's capitalists has given out the information that within fifteen months a trolley line will pass through Condersport. The line is to connect Bradford and Elmira.

—Miss Helen S. Bishop, the 18-year-old daughter of Rev. E. A. Bishop, who was brutally assaulted and murdered by a negro at Wilmington, Del., was well known in some parts of this county.

—County Treasurer Boyd requests us to announce that all mercantile taxes and State licenses were due on May 1st and he requests all owing the same to remit without delay and save costs of prosecuting these claims.

—The Hon. J. W. Bouton is preparing to erect a $15,000 brick residence on Main street, Smethport. Architect F. F. Brickell of this city is making the plans.—Bradford Star. Judge Bouton informs us that he does not expect to build this year.

—Mrs. McBride, mother of Charles McBride, who is charged with abducting Lena Backus, called at this office last Thursday afternoon and requested us to state that the report that her son had a wife living was untrue. She says Charles McBride was married about seven years ago and that his wife died five months after their marriage.

—Ernst Schmie and Miss Jennie Brennan of Greenwood, Pa., both attempted suicide Sunday evening. Schmie was successful and Miss Brennan will probably die. The two had loved each other devotedly for several months, but another woman from Schmie's old home intervened a week ago and sought to hold him to an alleged engagement with her.

—M. T. Stokes, editor of the Enterprise, and John W. Cole of Shingle Hommy have been admitted to the Potter county bar this week.—Potter Journal. Lawyer editors are becoming quite numerous in this locality, and if there are many more libel bills passed we may find it necessary to take a short course in law ourselves.—Austin Autograph.

—Reuben Van Sickles and Miss Rachel Jane Zerbe came down on the morning train Tuesday, armed with a permit from the prothonotary to get married. Squire Mosier's office was the scene of the happy event and the Squire himself the one who said the words. They registered as being from Smethport. The bride was fifteen years of age.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Kane Republican has the following to say in regard to the smallpox in that town: While there is no apparent cause for alarm over the few cases of smallpox within the borough, it behooves all citizens to co-operate with the board of health in its endeavors to prevent a spread of the disease. While the cases now reported are of a very mild type, there is a possibility of its developing into a malignant form, and therefore it is essential that every precaution be observed.

—J. Spencer Gahagan of Mt. Jewett died on Saturday at his home in that place. He was a prominent lumberman and producer. He came from Indiana county to the lumber woods about 20 years ago. He operated some wells in the neighborhood of Titusville until a few months ago. He was 48 years of age and leaves a widow and seven children, two of whom are married. The remains were taken to his former home at Loop, Indiana county, Sunday.—Bradford Era.

Tourist Resorts.

During summer season the Nickel Plate Road will sell special excursion tickets to the famous tourist resorts in the West at very low rates, including Denver, Salt Lake, El Paso and other points in Colorado, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Vacation Opportunities.

You can now visit almost any of the beautiful western summer resorts at greatly reduced rates via Nickel Plate Road. Do not miss this opportunity to visit the West. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

On Wednesday of last week Miss Eva Steinhauer of this place and Mr. Leon Moody of Coryville were united in marriage at the home of the bride. The many friends of the contracting parties wish them success and happiness throughout their wedded life.

On Tuesday of last week the remains of Mr. Leroy, the aged father of Mrs. A. B. Sprague, were laid at rest at Shinglock, N. Y. The mourning relatives have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sad bereavement.

Miss Blanche Barnett of Coleville arrived home from Lock Haven Normal school last Friday. She was seen on our town on her arrival.

Mrs. Bruce Spencer of Mt. Jewett, with her children, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Geo. Otis, and other relatives and friends.

Miss Agnes Barry of Coleville called on friends in this place Saturday. She was enroute to Lock Haven to visit friends.

Mrs. Barlow and granddaughter of Wisconsin are visiting at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Brockham.

Lester Norton, who is employed at Rathbury, spent Sunday with Joseph McGill of this place.

Burt Richmond of New York State has been spending a few days with friends in town.

Miss Bessie Skinner of McKean's Switch visited Mrs. Fred Fields last Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Carpenter and two children of Coryville visited Mrs. P. McGill last Friday.

Several of our townspeople will go to Olean on the 4th of July.

Is There an American Face?

The English face, the Jewish face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face, even the negro face—all these have something about them which calls up a definite picture in one's mind. But the American face has no strong characteristic to differentiate it from other faces of superior races, remarks *London Health*. It is international, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other face. It may be a line of a Spaniard, be inherited by an early English ancestry, or something suggestive of Teutonic origin, or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's or the Italian's or the Scotchman's. But when one must deal with the American indefinitely one can scarcely call up the American face.

Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers and his jovial, good natured countenance, is a happy conception yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face.

Gold and Gold Lace.

Officers of the army on duty in the war department wear uniforms the same as if they were on duty at military posts. The practice has resulted in making nearly every room occupied by officers a dressing room where wardrobes are kept. Most officers dislike very much to appear on the street in uniform. It makes them too conspicuous. Uniforms for use in the department are kept in a wardrobe and the officers put them on when they arrive in the morning, take them off and don civilian dress to go to lunch, and upon their return in the afternoon and departure for home later go through the same process. They don't like it, but it is an order. For people doing business at the department it is much better, for a stranger knows whether he is talking with an officer or a clerk, and if familiar with the emblems can tell the rank of the officer.—Washington Post.

Precious Seeds.

The calceolaria seed is so minute that the actual cost of producing the finest strain exceeds ten times the weight of the seed in pure gold! The outlay in growing double begonia seed is so great that a liberal allowance for a five shilling packet is measured in a tiny spoon with an outside diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch. And yet in that tiny spoonful there would be enough seed to produce more than a hundred stately begonia plants! Naturally such very minute and precious seed has to be handled with extreme care, and as a sudden draft from an open door would scatter perhaps £100 worth, the counters where the seeds are packeted are closed to traffic and so arranged that not a puff of wind can ever enter.—London Chronicle.

Timber Books.

There is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber pages—possibly from wood blocks, and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the Holzbibliothek, which was compiled at the end of the last century by Karl Schfeldbach and is composed of about 500 volumes made from trees in the park at Wilhelmshohe. Every volume bears on a tab not in timber, but queerly enough, in morocco—the name of the tree from which it was obtained. There are plates of the tree in all stages of its growth, and the letterpress is a treatise on the foresting and natural history of the tree.

The Panama Silk Tree.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Panama isthmus is the vegetable silk tree. It is a plant that grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and in appearance does not differ greatly from other trees, but the inner bark is a perfect silky fiber, long, smooth and strong. The natives separate it by some method best known to themselves, the process somewhat resembling that of beating flax. When once it is separated and spun into threads, it can be woven into a fabric so closely resembling silk that it is difficult for any one not familiar with it to distinguish between the two.

His Apology.

Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively.

Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him.

Mrs. Minks (*a few moments later*)—Did he apologize?

Mr. Minks—Y-e-s; he said he was looking for his mother and thought at first that you were she.

Just to Make Sure.

Customer (*to waiter who has brought him a beefsteak very much underdone*)—Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?

Waiter—Why, sir?

Customer—This steak doesn't seem to be quite dead yet!—Humoristische Blatter.

NO CHAIN IS STRONGER THAN ITS WEAKEST LINK

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH

DR PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY MAKES WEAK STOMACHS STRONG

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE, Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale, you will soon know

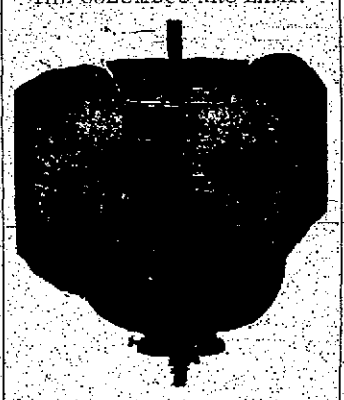
WHY

we hold our old customers and please new ones.

25 per cent Reduction, including Trading Stamps on all Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRELLER PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

Paint Protection

The practical painter says, when your house is covered with

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

and the paint covered by a 5 year guaranty you have the best possible protection to your house and purse.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint protects, preserves and beautifies. Made of purest pigments and oil, with just the right proportions of zinc and lead (Patton's secret formula). It withstands sun and rain, heat and cold twice as long as hand-made paint. Guaranteed to wear well for five years—usually lasts twice that long. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right.

We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial, order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executor's and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 25, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN L. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

DON'T it seem just a little bit strange that among all those who helped pass the Salus Grady libel law none seem to wish to prosecute under it?

THE textile workers of Lowell, Mass., who have been on a strike for some time, resumed work on Monday. They did not gain the points asked for.

WALTER OSTRANDER, the Republican nominee for Jury Commissioner, will withdraw his name from the ticket on account of a law which says: "At the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October (by art. 8, sec. 2, Const., the general election is to be held on Tuesday after first Monday of November) Anno Domini 1867, and triennially thereafter, at such election the qualified electors of the several counties of this Commonwealth shall elect, in the manner now provided by law for the election of other county officers, two sober, intelligent and judicious persons, to serve as jury commissioners in each of said counties, for the period of three years ensuing their election; but the same person or persons shall not be eligible for re-election more than once in any period of six years: Provided, that each of said qualified electors shall vote for one person only as jury commissioner, and the two persons having the greatest number of votes for jury commissioner shall be duly elected jury commissioners for such county." He has been an efficient officer and it is only for this reason that one or both will not continue in this office. The vacancy on the ticket, caused by Mr. Ostrander's withdrawal will be filled at the next meeting of the county committee.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1903.

With the publication of the reply of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow to the Tulloch charges the post-office investigation took a fresh start this week, and has been almost the sole topic discussed in official Washington. Bristow's reply so thoroughly supported the charges preferred by Tulloch and reflected gravely on the administration of ex-Postmaster General Smith and ex-First Assistant Postmaster General Heath that they produced a sensation and when it was discovered by a comparison of dates that Postmaster General Payne was in receipt of the Bristow reply on May 1 and that it was not until May 10 that he gave his famous interview in which he said that Tulloch's statement was a "stump speech," "hot air," etc., and that unless Tulloch could make good, he should be branded as a slanderer and blackguard, the demand for Payne's resignation became clamorous, even strong Republican papers joining in the insistent representation that Payne had demonstrated his unfitness for his present position.

The most grievous offense of the postmaster general was, however, what appeared to be an attempt to drag in the name of President McKinley. He said in the statement which accompanied the Bristow report, "The charge of Mr. Tulloch is in its essence against President McKinley and Postmaster General Smith." This statement, which was construed in many quarters as a mean revenge against the late lamented President, because he had refused to accept Payne as a member of his cabinet, has aroused the ire of so many Republicans that it is still a matter of grave doubt if the President can protect Payne and retain him in the Cabinet longer. Mr. Roosevelt, while sorely annoyed at the many blunders made by his cabinet officer in handling the postal scandal, feels that they are largely attributable to Mr. Payne's ill-health. Moreover, the construction put upon Payne's reference to President McKinley Mr. Roosevelt knows to be erroneous. Mr. Payne so described the Tulloch charges with the intention of excusing his reluctance to make the Bristow reply public and was as much surprised as anyone when he saw that his meaning had been misconstrued.

Aside from the publication of the Bristow reply there have been few important developments during the past week. Ex-Representative Driggs of New York has admitted that he received $12,500 from a concern which sold automatic cashiers to the Postoffice Department during his term in Congress and his indictment for this grave violation of the statutes is regarded as certain by the postal officials. Charles Hodges, superintendent of free delivery, and practically the assistant of Machen, has been brought within the toils of the investigation for his part in lobbying the claim of one J. W. Parrish, through Congress, in which enterprise H. H. Rand, Mr. Payne's confidential clerk, was also implicated. Evidence has been presented to the grand jury on which it is expected that an indictment of Machen for forgery will be secured and the indictments of George E. Lorenz and his wife are expected Monday.

The President has announced the appointment of General S. B. M. Young as chief of staff, the appointment to go into effect on August 15 when the general staff comes into existence. General Young will be at that time relieved from the presidency of the War College Board, as his duties as chief of staff will fully occupy his time. It is further announced that when General Young goes on the retired list, which he will do because of the age limitations next January, General Chaffee will succeed him as chief of staff. General Corbin, adjutant general of the army, has also been appointed a member of the general staff, as has General Carter, and it is current belief in army circles that Corbin is scheduled to become chief of staff eventually and probably on the retirement of General Chaffee. It is worthy of note that neither Young, Chaffee nor Corbin are graduates of West Point and both Young and Chaffee have risen from the ranks. General Corbin is regarded as having filled the most responsible position in the army during the war with Spain and his promotion, although seriously opposed by the friends of General Miles, is felt by the army generally to have been well deserved.

An interesting situation has arisen with regard to the cruiser Galveston. The company which has been constructing the vessel went into the hands of a receiver when it was 60 per cent. completed and now the local courts—the vessel is in the shipyard at Richmond, Va.—have enjoined the launching of the cruiser at the behest of creditors of the contractors. Attorney General Knox has decided that the vessel is government property and therefore cannot be attached nor the launching enjoined. Consequently a force of naval officers, marines and seamen will go to Richmond and launch the vessel to-day, despite the injunction. When the vessel is launched it will be towed to a government navy yard and completed. If she attempt to launch the cruiser guests with resistance a gunboat will be called into requisition and force used if necessary.

The summer exodus has begun in Washington. Several members of the cabinet are already out of the city and on June 25 the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will go to Oyster Bay for the summer, to which point the Roosevelt children have already preceded them. Many members of the diplomatic corps have left Washington, some going abroad and others establishing their embassies of legations at various seaside resorts. Society people have generally left the city and the summer quiet already makes itself evident in the Washington streets.

Reduced Rates to Boston.

On account of the meeting of the First Church of Christ, Scientists, in Boston, Mass., on June 28 to July 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Boston from all points on its lines on June 26, 27, 28 and 29, good going on those dates and good to return between June 28 and July 2, inclusive, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus $1.00. By depositing ticket with joint agent at Boston, between July 1 and 4, inclusive, and payment of fee of fifty cents extension of return limit may be obtained to August 1. For stop-over privileges and further information consult nearest ticket agent.

For Sale

Two houses and lots located near the Pennsylvania depot. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. E. N. Smith, Farmers Valley.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Buy a

Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.

FOR SALE BY

C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE
BELL BROS.

Perhaps you are in need of a new suit, separate skirt, or some outer garment to complete your wardrobe this season. If that be the case you can buy it at ⅓ less than the regular prices, yes, and in some cases ½ less. These prices apply to woolen garments, not a few garments but a good assortment.

Splendid Silk Values.

Taffeta Silk in black and colors, a most desirable fabric for drop skirts to be worn with light weight material so much in vogue this season. Every thread silk, and at the remarkable low price of 39c per yard.

36 inch Taffeta for coats and linings at $1.00 per yard. These are but an inkling of the good values we are offering in silks.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

J. COLEGROVE.

Just received a Case of the celebrated Black Cat hose. All sizes 15 and 25c. They will outwear any hose on the market selling at same price.

Try Polo Soap, 10 cakes for 25c.

Try Peanut Butter for a sandwich.

Try Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees.

We have the largest bottle of 10c Olives in town.

New York State Potatoes, no sprouts, no bad ones, all nice eatable and mealy, 75c bushel.

P. S. Flour gives best satisfaction as a bread maker. Try it.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you wear the J. K. Shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Coug Houses. SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doings is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

Our STANDARD PATTERN Dept. is now showing patterns for July. Misses' and Children's Patterns reduced to 10c and 15c.

JUNE REDUCTION SALE.

--Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts and Underwear.--

Friday, June 19th, we place on sale a lot of Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts, comprising the over-production of a well known maker at the lowest price of the season.

Special at 39 cents each.

Made from the famous Garner Percales with mercerized bosoms in a variety of new and tasteful color effects. Sizes 12 to 17 inches neck measure, correct in fit, well made and finished with self color neck band.

Men's and Boys' Underwear.

A good quality Balbriggan garment, all sizes. Special at 19c.

A new shipment of Men's "Gold and Silver" brand shirt waists.

See our west window with Ladies' Wash Skirts. Special at 98 cents.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Refrigerators

We are are agents for the Mascot famous refrigerator, antique ash finish, polished brass trimmings, removable ice chambers, heavy, galvanized iron shelves.

These are the best Refrigerators made for anything near their prices, which range from $8.00 up.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 25, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Coudersport will celebrate the 4th of July.

—Read Bell Bros.' new advertisement in this issue.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new lumber advertisement this week.

—A birthday party was given for Miss Marguerite Smart yesterday afternoon.

—H. H. Redfield and family have moved into their new house on West Main street.

—Herbert Yerdon of Jamestown is acting in the capacity of clerk at the Hotel Imperial.

—Volney F. Dunbar of Newerf has accepted a position as clerk in the store of D. M. Brasted.

—The hotel and restaurant waiters' strike in Chicago is off, and the waiters won most of their points.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on Monday next.

—Smethport is going after the pennant this year. Come and see them make a start next Tuesday.

—Andrew Hamilton, aged 28 years, had his life crushed out while coupling cars at Galeton last Thursday.

—Although we have had considerable wet weather during the past three weeks Tuesday was the first day there has been any flood.

—Several people were poisoned in Bolivar from eating pressed beef. One person came near dying and several others were made quite sick.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject next Sunday morning will be "Keeping Ourselves in the Love of God." Evening subject, "Spiritual Sobriety."

—Mrs. A. W. Colegrove gave a party to a number of young girls and boys last Saturday afternoon in honor of her daughter Miss Elenora's eleventh birthday.

—The Hazelhurst Gun Club will be here to-morrow (Friday) afternoon for a shoot with our boys. Hazelhurst won the last match and an interesting shoot is expected.

—Don't fail to see the first game of the season in Smethport on Tuesday next. Eldred will be here and our boys will try hard to put themselves with the top-notchers on that date.

—The commissioners of Elk county have offered $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who murdered Mrs. Nancy Canavan, near Centreville, Pa., on the afternoon of June 10. Tramps are suspected.

—A valuable cow belonging to Henry Wright was struck by a P., S. & N. train Saturday and injured so badly that the beast had to be killed.

—Lewis Run, this county, has a case of smallpox. Miss Mary Loveless of Penfield, Pa., was taken sick with that disease while visiting relatives there.

—Burglars are plying their vocation in a number of nearby towns. Smethport has always been lucky in this way, but it might be well to be a bit careful just now.

—S. L. Burton and I. K. Hockley have purchased the Emporium Independent of the estate of the late S. S. Hackett. May the Independent prosper under its new management.

—The Young People's Society of the Baptist church will give a social in the parlors of the church this (Thursday) evening. Refreshments will be served. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—Fifteen Ladies of the Maccabees drove to Rixford last Saturday and made a social visit to the hive of that place. Although the weather was anything but pleasant they had a delightful time.

—An exchange says a remarkable case of a horse committing suicide happened at Jersey Shore last week. The animal, which had been turned loose to graze, deliberately waded into Pine creek and lowered its head under water until drowned.

—A number of our young people gave a very pleasant dance at the Lyceum on Monday evening and all had a most delightful time. The High School orchestra furnished first-class music and refreshments were served at Smallwein's restaurant.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The lesson at the morning service will be on "The Sin of Achan" (Judges, 7, 21.) A selection of anthems will be rendered by the choir in the evening service.

—Married, Tuesday, June 16, 1903, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wood, Westfield, Pa., Mr. Charles Parsons of Ormsby, Pa., and Miss Ethel Baucker of Balston Springs, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Youmans.

—We have received a booklet telling of the popularity of Conneautville, Pa., and the Hotel Power for pleasure seekers in summer. Kenneth McClure, formerly of Bradford, is the proprietor of the Hotel Power, which is one of the prettiest and most convenient summer hotels in the State.

—Rodawald, the Salamanca murderer, was found guilty of murder in the first degree last Friday. When the verdict was announced he broke down and cried aloud. Rodawald shot and killed Jesse Bayer in West Salamanca last April because Bayer interfered when he was in the act of stealing railroad ties.

—Miss Gwennie Harvey, a beautiful belle of Pottsville, Pa., was married recently to Shedrick T. Snow, a colored bus driver. It is said the mother of the young lady is nearly heart broken over the affair. Miss Gwennie's good looks and winning ways brought her many suitors but she gave her dusky wooer the preference.

—The bicentenary of the birth of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, occurring on June 28th, will be fittingly observed at the Methodist church next Sunday. "The Life and Work of Wesley" is the pastor's subject for the morning service. "The Record of Methodism," which is a tribute to Wesley, is his evening subject.

—Yesterday afternoon about three o'clock Michael Zimmitt, a carpenter in the employ of Contractor Kriner, fell from a scaffold at Frank Shives' new residence, a distance of twenty-three feet, breaking his back. He was removed to the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Kinsler, and Drs. DeLong and Bradwell called, who pronounced the injury fatal.—Emporium Press.

—About 1,000 members of the Knights of Columbus witnessed the initiation ceremonies of that order in Olean Sunday afternoon. A special train over the P. R. R. carried the Smethport visitors and the members from St. Marys. Jas. A. McKean, E. T. Daly, T. F. Hungerville, Chas. McKean, Wm. Hopkins, M. J. Welch, Tom Clark, Will Flaherty and Fred Hungerville of this place were in attendance.

—Miss Rosa Samuels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Samuels formerly of this city, now residents of Jamestown, has been engaged by Grau as a member of the company of artists that will accompany Adelina Patti on her American concert tour next fall. Miss Samuels will receive $250 a week and all the expenses of herself and companion.—Bradford Star. Miss Samuels is 18 years old and one of the world's greatest violinists.

—The following McKean county residents were given penitentiary sentences at the last term of court in that county: Charles E. Mays, George Russell, Claude Sanborn, says an exchange. This little slip might be very expensive to the writer of the above, if either Mr. Mays or Mr. Russell wished to take advantage of the present libel law. Charles E. Mays is sheriff of this county and Mr. Russell is an honored resident of Bradford who assisted Sheriff Mays in taking three prisoners to the penitentiary.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. P. Yerdon was down from Kane yesterday.

Mrs. C. L. Willey is visiting friends in Bradford.

Daniel Bacon and T. H. Purtle visited Olean Sunday.

E. L. Ryan of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Rev. G. H. Patterson was a Portville visitor this week.

Sanford L. Fry is in Rochester this week on business.

Miss Maud Davis of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Miss Jessie Solover spent Sunday with her parents in Olean.

Dr. Burg Chadwick left Friday for a visit to points in Canada.

A. L. Colegrove and S. E. McClafferty visited Bolivar this week.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett had business in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe are visiting friends in Whitesville, N. Y.

Mrs. P. D. Hopkins and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Kane are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Reed and child of Bradford are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex J. Reed.

Mrs. F. C. Sartwell is in Buffalo this week. She attended the Shoemaker-Reid wedding.

Hon. J. W. Bouton returned Sunday from Coudersport, where he was holding court last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht, daughter, Edna, and son, Fred, were visitors in Bradford over Sunday.

W. A. Andorfer and family left Friday for an extended visit with friends in South Vineland, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hall visited DuBois last week on business connected with the Smethport Glass Co.

Master Robert Talcy of Bradford was the guest of his cousins, Misses Fay and Marguerite Knapp, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKean left Tuesday for a month's visit to Mrs. McKean's relatives in Canada.

Mrs. Eagan and Mrs. E. C. Eagan of Binghamton, N. Y., are visiting at the residence of Michael Eagan, Green St.

Mrs. J. W. Brennan and daughter, Miss Martha, returned Monday from a visit to Jamestown, Westfield and Corry.

Miss May Quigley, who has been visiting here for some time, returned to her home in Zanesville, Ohio, yesterday.

Mrs. Edward T. Albert and child of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mrs. Albert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Shooke.

Miss Regina Wertheimer, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Monheimer, left Monday to return to her relatives in New York.

Miss Katherine McKean of Wilcox was in Kane for a few hours this morning, while enroute home from a visit to Smethport.—Kane Republican.

Mrs. Wm. Monheimer and two children, Herbert and Birdie, and Miss Sara Monheimer of St. Louis left Monday for a trip to Europe. Mr. Monheimer accompanied them to the steamer and before returning will visit Boston, New York and Philadelphia to purchase his fall goods.

Carriages for Sale.

One Canopy top Surrey.
Top Buggies, Road Wagons.
Rubber-tire Runabout.
Slat bottom and solid bottom Road Wagons.
Arnold Pat. Steel Wheel Farm Wagon.
If you want anything on wheels see Palmer before you purchase.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., June 17, 1903. 3t

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

A Peculiar Case

A dispatch from Jakes Run, W. Va., dated June 18, says: Clayton Westfall, an oil well worker of near this place, has been puzzling his neighbors and physicians of late by dying and coming back to life. Mr. Westfall is afflicted with some peculiar malady which at times renders him unconscious for two or three days at a time. Monday this strange spell came upon him and all his relatives thought him dead. They sent for an undertaker and hired a man to dig the grave. The undertaker reached the home about dark and was surprised to be told that the supposed dead man was up and well. It appears that Mr. Westfall comes out of his trance in the best health and fears no ill effects of it. While he is unconscious friends say he is so near dead no man could possibly tell that he is still alive. All the tests known to medical science were tried on the man, but he showed not the faintest sign of life. Westfall says that he has dreams all the time that he is under the spell.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His Divine Wisdom to remove from our midst our loved sister, Mollie Terwilliger, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His will we mourn the loss of our sister, who was an honorable member of this Hive, a faithful wife and a kind, indulgent mother.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Hive, that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and also be published in our local papers.

LIZZIE F. HOOVER,
LYDIA ABBEY,
ISABELLA EAGAN.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 20, 1903:

Mrs. Anna Ames, Earnest Dibble, Charles Fessenden, W. T. Guerson, Miss Retta Holiday, H. D. Hull, E. A. Miller, Milton Wood.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Card of Thanks.

To the people of Farmers Valley who have so kindly ministered to us and ours in our affliction we would extend our heartfelt thanks and trust they will accept the same.

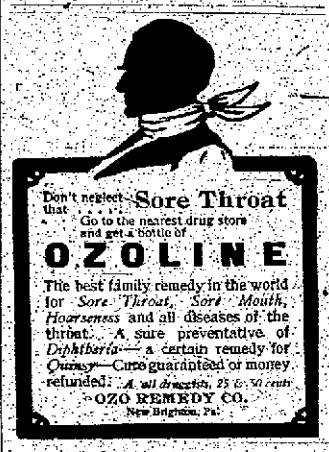
REV. AND MRS. A. B. SPRAGUE.

Soft butter, sour milk, mouldy food, misery and sickness is the lot of all who try to do without a Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. Let us help you. Holmes & Gilfillan.

I have for sale a 1902 Walter A. Wood mowing machine, five foot cut, never used. Price $85 cash. Call on or address

J. C. KRUMRINE,
Smethport, Pa.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15. J. C. HAMLIN.



Don't neglect that Sore Throat
Go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of
OZOLINE
The best family remedy in the world for *Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Hoarseness* and all diseases of the throat. A sure preventative of *Diphtheria*—a certain remedy for *Quinsy*—Cure guaranteed or money refunded. *All druggists, 25 & 50 cents*
OZO REMEDY CO.
New Brighton, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

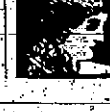
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell Phone

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Founded in 1815. Good Traditions. Strong Faculty. Unsurpassed Location. Reasonable Expenses. New Observatory. New Chapel. New Library. New Professorships and largely increased Endowment. Fall Term Opens September 15th. For Catalogue and Information, write to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS. CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We give Yellow Trading Stamps. They're Valuable.

We mention below some extraordinary good offerings in summer merchandise. They're not odds and ends or job lots. Its just our way of giving the most possible for the money in smart new goods.

FANCY PARASOLS.

The styles this season are especially fetching and finish to perfection the charms of the summer girl. All the wanted colorings and a choice of prices from $1.00 to $9.50.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS—

"A Fifty-cent Sale!"—We have made a window display this week of all half-dollar offerings. The values run up to seventy-five cents and you will find it economy of the first sort to buy now. There are special values in Negligee Shirts, Belts, Underwear, Suspenders, Sox (4 prs. in a box), Golf Stocks and Neckwear, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.

It's a Ticklish Proposition.

Trying to make a successful lumber yard without carrying a full stock of

Building Material

We have everything in stock from foundation to chimney top.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an incline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, NO. — MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 20, 1903.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 13930 32
Checks and other cash items		7 00
Due from Banks and Bankers		79541 06
Commercial and other paper owned		81705 02
Time Loans upon Collateral		108500 00
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		100240 31
Investment securities owned, viz: Mortgages		7370 00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		1687 46
Overdrafts		166 13
Miscellaneous Assets, Judgments		71065 01
		$872201 70

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$300000 00
Surplus Fund		30000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		15056 70
Deposits, subject to check	$283617 31	
Deposits, special	243982 69	527501 01
		$872201 70

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss.

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of June, 1903.

(Signed) E. R. MAYO, Notary Public.
[Notarial Seal.] My commission expires January 19, 1907.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
(Signed) JOHN FORREST,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
F. D. GALLUP, Directors.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fireworks & Flags

Would especially call your attention to the fine assortment of high grade Stationery, Invitation Cards, Plate Cards and Calling Cards. Have the latest and most correct things in this line.

I also make a specialty of fine neckwear, belts, hosiery, etc.

Mary L. Bisett,
5 & 10 Cent Store,
SMETHPORT, PA.

DICKY DONNELLY'S REDEMPTION

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

Copyright, 1902, by F. C. McClure.

Dicky Donnelly was all right—literally all right. He didn't smoke, chew, drink or swear. There was just one thing the matter with Dicky. He was starving. That's all. The failure of his two losses had swept out upon the streets some hundred and fifty employees, and Dicky was one of them. What became of the others he did not know, and he didn't care just at present. He was too much taken up with his own affairs. From his perusal of the first advertisements, six weeks ago, that read, "Wanted—Bright, clean, intelligent young men," etc., up to the present time Dicky had been working as he had never worked, simply to find work. And now he had just 15 cents left.

As a last resort he tried the industrial homes and the missions for men. He was sure he could get a job of some kind there. But they turned him away.

"Sorry," they exclaimed. "Why you ought to have very little trouble to get a job. A fellow that looks like you. It's not some kind that are eater me. It's the gentlemen. If we could your kind in, the others would be tough and we'd give jobs to men that can't get jobs—that's all. We can't do anything for you."

Now, that isn't exactly what they said, but that is what they meant. And Dicky had to admit that it was true. Turn after turn slammed into the places and was received with open arms. But Dicky's kind they turned away.

"I'll tell you, though," said the man in charge, "we have free meetings here every evening. If you've no place to go to, you are at liberty to come here, you know." He handed over a small sheet of paper still damp from the press. Dicky looked at it. It was as follows:

MEN'S RESCUE MISSION.

GRAND RALLY.

Stirring Address to Fallen Men by Willoughby G. Schenck, the Great Wall Street Banker.

Come One and All. Salvation Is Free.

Dicky crumpled it up in his hand and was about to throw it away. But he didn't. He opened it again and read it carefully through to the end. Then he slipped out upon the sidewalk and started up and down the street. At the further corner was a brilliantly lighted saloon—a cheap sort of place. Dicky took out his 15 cents and stared for that corner.

He stepped up boldly to the bar. "I want to get drunk," he said to the bartender.

"Well," replied the bartender with a grin, "there's nothing to hinder you if you get the price. What d' you want?"

"What—what's the best thing to get drunk on?" inquired Dicky in a hesitating sort of way.

"Well," replied the bartender, uncertain whether Dicky was chaffing him or otherwise, "we sell some of the greatest forty rod stuff you ever tasted for 5 cents. I'll warrant three big glasses 'll make your hair stand on end all right."

"Gimme three glasses, then," said Dicky.

"Three glasses!" exclaimed the bartender. "What all together?"

"Well," returned Dicky uncertainly, "any way that's best, you know." It was half past 8. The mission's rescue meeting was in full blast. It was the grandest rally of the year.

Willoughby G. Schenck, the banker, philanthropist and mission worker, harangued the crowd, and he knew how. There was no doubt about his ability in that respect. He himself had worked up out of the slums, and he knew. He had a large audience and a queer one, but he made an impression. Hardened old sinners who hadn't thought of home and their boyhood days for years sat with the tears running down their faces. Toughs whose faces never showed one softening line sat with bowed heads and quivering lips. He was only fairly launched when a young man in a beastly state of intoxication entered the room. This young man glanced wildly around upon the crowd and at the speaker, then lurched heavily up the aisle and sank into a front seat.

It was Dicky Donnelly, drunk. The forty rod had taken effect. Dicky felt himself that it had gone to his head just a little. Drunk as he was, though, he sat up straight, but swaying from side to side and tried to listen. The six or eight bankers whom he saw finally dwindled down to one, and this one, who had seen Dicky enter and seat himself, poured forth his whole soul not upon the old men, not upon the toughs, but upon Dicky. In Dicky Donnelly he saw himself as he once might have been.

Ordinarily Dicky, who was a good church member in good standing, would have been unaffected, but now the banker's words of gentleness and sympathy and sorrow so mingled themselves with the fumes in Dicky's brain that Dicky felt them very, very much, and his tears began to fall, or at least they seemed to do so.

And when the banker had ceased Dicky staggered to his feet and looked once more around upon the crowd.

"Gents," he said in a husky voice, "I don't know as there's a bigger bum in this here room than me. I don't know as there's a man here as has gone the pace as I has myself. Gents, look at me, born an' bred in a good home, with every advantage, an' here I am to-night. There ain't a bit of wickedness that I ain't guilty of, there ain't." His voice trembled, and he stopped for an instant. "I tell you, my fren's," he continued, "it was a blessed thing that I stumbled into this here place to hear the words that this here man," he indicated the speaker, "has said to me tonight. He's a good man, an' maybe he's went through just what I did, an' he ain't afraid to tell you an' me to brace up."

Dicky raised his hand solemnly. "My fren's," he went on, "you know where I been tonight? I been in that there hole on the corner. An' I say to you tonight that from this time forth I'll never drink another drop. Help me, Jesus, I live!"

("Fact is I couldn't," he said to himself. "Not that stuff anyway.")

"That's right, sir," exclaimed Dicky, turning to the banker. "It's you has saved me. An' I'm goin' to stop an' go to work an' lead a new life, sir, if you'll only help me to."

"I'll help you, my boy," returned the banker fervently. "I'll help you to help yourself."

The banker wiped his eyes. Sobs were heard all over the place. A man at a desk hurriedly wrote out a pledge, and Dicky stepped up and signed it. And because he did many others followed his example.

And at the close of the meeting as Dicky and the banker strode down the aisle and out to the door the congregation broke out into a rarefying hymn of praise.

* * * * * * *

Some years later two merchants in a fashionable restaurant uptown. They were respectively the cashier and the receiving teller of the private banking house of Willoughby G. Schenck & Co.

The receiving teller was a clean looking young fellow of pleasing appearance. His name was Richard Donnelly.

"Now, Dicky," began the cashier, "first of all, what are you going to have to drink?"

Dicky shook his head. "I never drink," he replied, "as you know. The fact is," he continued, "I never drank but once in my life, and that was because it was a business necessity."

"A business necessity," inquired the cashier, with surprise.

Dicky nodded. "A business necessity," he repeated. "In fact, I did it just to get a 'job,' that's all."

"What you givin' us?" replied the other. "What job was it, anyway, that you drank to get?"

Dicky laughed. "It was a job," he replied, "in the banking house of Willoughby G. Schenck & Co. And I hope I will never have to get another in the same way. But at that I think it was the only thing to do."

"Bottle of apollinaris, waiter," said the cashier.

Killing a Spaniard.

Early in the seventeenth century the natives of Porto Rico plotted to kill the Spaniards on the island. There was much doubt, however, as to whether or not it was possible to kill a Spaniard. Many of the natives insisted that it was not. Finally it was decided to make an experiment. A young Spaniard who was passing through an Indian village was hospitably received and fed and then a number of natives accompanied him on his journey. When he arrived at a river his companions offered to carry him across. The young man accepted and was taken up by two men and carried into the water on their shoulders. Arriving near the middle of the river, they threw him in and held him down until he ceased to struggle. Then they carried him ashore with profuse apologies, loudly proclaiming that they stumbled by accident and calling upon him to arise and continue his journey. But the young man did not move, and finally the natives were convinced that he was actually dead. Having secured the proof they wanted, the leaders of the rebellion at once began a general attack upon the Spaniards.

Making Sure of the Architect.

Nornian Al Aodar, an Arabian king who reigned long, long ago at Hirah, commanded the architect Semnemar to build him a wondrous palace. This the architect did, and when it was done a single stone fastened the whole structure, and the colors of the walls changed frequently during the day. The king was greatly pleased and showered all kinds of rich gifts upon the builder with the lavishness of oriental kings. But, mouriche, were treacherous in those old days, and it occurred to the king that Semnemar might build a palace equal in beauty or even superior for some rival ruler.

The more he thought over it the more jealous he became until one day he ordered the architect to be thrown from the top of the palace to make certain that no duplicate palace would be made. After this the king was satisfied that his palace was the only one, and the Arabians regarded it as one of the wonders of the world.

Doctors and Patients.

Dr. Cheyne, the great eighteenth century physician of Bath, was a witty enough man, but he found more than a match in Beau Nash, who was one of his patients. Calling one day after he had prescribed for Nash, Cheyne asked him, "Well, have you followed my prescription?" "No, faith, doctor, I haven't followed it," the dandy answered. "Pon honor, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of my bedroom window!"

Sir Richard Jebb was in the habit of giving his patients startling answers to their questions. Once when an old gentleman of impaired digestion asked him, "What shall I eat?" the doctor replied: "My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they might influence flatulance, but you can eat anything else you please."

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

GOLD CANNON BALLS.

The Jungle Hidden Treasure of an East Indian Princess.

Not long ago an old peasant was wandering in the jungle about half a mile from the city of Ahmadnager, in India, when he found a round ball of metal. It was black and looked like an old iron round shot, but when the old man lifted it he was struck with its immense weight. He carried it home and found on scratching it that it was a lump of solid gold. It weighed eight pounds and its sale made the finder rich for life.

There are many more of these cannon balls, each worth a small fortune, lying hid or buried in the recesses of this jungle, and their story is a curious one. At the end of the sixteenth century Akbar, the greatest emperor Hindustan ever saw, was at the height of his glory. At the head of his conquering army, he summoned Ahmadnager to surrender. The city and its rich treasure were then under the rule of the Princess Cande. Knowing that resistance could be but short, and in bitter hate against the oppressor, she caused all the treasure of gold and silver to be melted down. She cast the metal into cannon balls and engraved upon each maledictions against the conqueror. These were fired into the jungle and when Akbar entered the city, bisteard of the rich booty he had hoped to win, he found a treasury absolutely empty.

That this is not the only occasion upon which cannon balls of gold have been used is proved by the fact that in the treasury of the shah of Persia there may be seen in the same room where stands the famous peacock throne two small globular projectiles of gold. They were estimated by a recent visitor to weigh about thirty-one pounds each and are roughly made. Their origin or purpose is, however, totally forgotten. It is only known that they are very old.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE SHANK OF THE SHOE.

What the Glazed, Metallic Marks Thereon Told the Broker.

Half a score of clerks in one of the largest brokerage houses in New York were astounded one morning when one by one they were called into their employer's private office and asked to pull off their feet and show the shanks of their shoes. They thought the old man had gone quite mad. Each young man as he entered the office was told to sit down and put his foot up on a corner of the desk where it could be examined. Then the head of the house put on his glasses and very carefully scrutinized the shank of the shoe.

When all had been put through this examination he called the entire force of clerks into his office and explained to them why this unusual examination had been made.

"You are well aware," said he, "that I will not have a drinking man in my employ if I know it. For some time I have had good reasons for believing that several of the young men before me have been indulging quite too much. Now I know it. Here are the marks of the bar rail on the bottoms of your shoes."

Several of the young men leaned themselves against the wall and lifted their feet as if backsmith fits the foot of a horse. Sure enough, there were the glazed, metallic marks on the dry leather. They were the evidences of guilt, and the young men's faces showed it.

"It's unmistakable proof," said the head of the house. "You may fix up your breath at the drug store and the barber can clean up your eyes and face, but you neglect the shanks of your shoes."

That afternoon three young men cleaned out their desks and gave the keys to the managing clerk.—New York Herald.

Care of Books.

A lover of books will always take good care of them. He never holds the book by the corner of the cover, never turns down leaves, never lays the book down open, either with the face downward or on its back, and never breaks the binding by opening the book too forcibly. He turns the leaves one by one, taking great care not to soil or tear them, and uses the volume gently. It makes no difference if the book be cheap or worn, he always handles it gently.

Quite Impartial.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I understand you to say you're a good all round cook, but of course you must have some favorite dishes?

Applicant—No, ma'am. They're all wan to me. Oi'm not the koind to be considerin' whether a dish is chape or expinsive whin Oi'm breakin' it.—Washington Post.

Informing.

"Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?"

"The Widdy O'Malley, sor, who is dead."

"Indeed! When did she die?"

"If she had lived till next Sunday she would have been dead a year."—Kansas City Journal.

A Failure.

"See here, young man!" said the minister. "You never paid me that fee for marrying you."

"You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages."—London Tit-Bits.

Still More Autocratic.

Knicker—Didn't he find it hard to return to civil life after commanding in the army?

Bocker—No, indeed. He got a position as janitor.—Smart Set.

When a beautiful woman smiles some pocketbook is weeping.—Schoolmaster.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

NEWFOUNDLAND WRECKERS

The Bounty That Is Gleaned From a Barren Shore.

In bygone times if was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their hauls," or 50 per cent, as salvage. Imperishable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, liquors, cabin stores and the like have also a trick of disappearing, and in the poorest fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price and wines to tempt an epicure. The sailors are reckless and unthinking, and as they gather in hundreds every man precipts what he can. In the rush there is much destroyed. When the Hovder was lost in 1882 they burned whalebone worth $15,000 a ton to save leather casting 20 cents a pound. In the Emmeline wreck of 1900 they trampled crates of costly glassware to get at four cases of French prayer books valued at 25 cents apiece. On one occasion two sailors had got ashore a piano and were adopting the Solomon-like expedient of sawing it in half when a shrewder chap bought it from them for a bottle of whisky looted from the captain's cabin. When the Grashoon went ashore in 1896 every man in the place provided Bliss P. with a German concertina, of which instruments of torture she had a large consignment on board, and they were auctioned in St. John's and disposed of all over the island. The Aldeymore's lading in 1898 included some cases of splendid English rifles for Canada, and these are now to be seen adorning every fisher's cottage along the shore.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

FOOD, WATER AND AIR.

The Essential Things Out of Which Blood Is Made.

These are the things out of which blood is made. If the food is nutritious and properly cooked, if the air is pure and full of oxygen, if the water is clean and free from impurities, the blood will be rich and red and full of vitality.

Barring physical accidents, there is no sickness except that depending directly upon a want of food or water or air. Something ails them. When any one is sick the presumption is that he has been trying to subsist on poor food or vitiated air or bad water, one or more.

In order to have good food a person ought to have the first breathing of it. Food that has been rehashed over and left by one person is not fit to be eaten by another.

In order to have good air a person ought to have the first breathing of it. Air that has been breathed by other persons is not fit to breathe again.

Water should be fresh from some spring or well. If hydrant water must be used let it run awhile, as the house pipes are apt to be of lead and not iron like the pipes that convey the water through the city.

Food that is relished, air that cools and invigorates, water that is quaffed with eager thirst—these are the things that make blood. Put fresh air into the lungs, good food and pure water into the stomach, and nature will do the rest.—Medical Talk.

A Trick With an Egg.

Place two V shaped inverglasses of the same size near the edge of a table. In the right hand one put an egg just fitting the rim of the glass. Hold the bases of the glasses firmly down, the top rims touching each other. Now, with a quick, sharp breath, blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left hand glass, or the egg will jump in the wrong direction and land on the table with disastrous results.

Her Objection.

"Don't you think you are taking the wrong stand when you say you do not wish your son to marry, Mrs. Willoughby?" asked an intimate friend. "Don't you know it is natural and best for a young man to marry and that he will not think any the less of his mother because he has a wife?"

"Oh, it isn't that," protested Mrs. Willoughby. "I don't mind his marrying on general principles, but I don't want to be called 'the old Mrs. Willoughby.'"—New York Press.

Awake.

Sharp—Why, I almost lost money on the goods I sold to you. How much do you think I made on the order?

Byer—About twenty-five times as much.

Sharp—Twenty-five times as much as what?

Byer—As you were going to say you made.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Used to It.

Hostess—I wonder why your little brother seems so restless and uncomfortable?

Little Ethel—I think it's 'cause his hands is clean.—Stray Stories.

All One to Him.

"Look, papa! The duke has brought his coronet."

"Tell him to go ahead and play it. I don't mind the noise."—Life.

There are more fools than sages, and among sages there is more folly than wisdom.—Chamfort.

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W. F. SPECHT
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In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker—Philadelphia.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lew. G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—A. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Manson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Belt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodie.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. E. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Rhymer, secretary; C. E. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Gaffauder, H. H. Reinhold, H. H. Gidney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramey.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, E. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. E. Mayo, president; Jno. A. Ayres, treasurer; P. D. Gaffney, secretary; C. F. Speight, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—H. H. McCoy, C. C. Chase.
Judge of Election—H. A. Adams.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Work Initiary degree first meeting of each month. 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y. WM. FENCHEON, N. G.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. M. CHASE, Scribe. S. E. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 333, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant. S. R. STATO, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Burns Hall.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder. Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K. H. C. WELLS, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. Ed Steele, Com.
Lizzie F. Hosmer, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 338 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Hackus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. vestry.

Mrs. MILLIE I. BEEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. I. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption of Degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

E. K. HOGARTH, C. of R. F. W. WEEDS, S.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel, East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 17 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Collegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 123, week days..... 11:03 a. m.
Train 139, week days..... 7:23 p. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 13, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottaville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor Car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:22 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 6:50 a. m., Baltimore 5:55 a. m., Washington 7:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:48 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled, Buffet sleeping cars 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled, Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 5, daily for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dubois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9:25	Ridgway	12 40
9 50	Johnsonburg	12 05
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 40
10 16	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 33	Smith's Run	11 00
10 39	Woodvale	10 52
A. M.	Clermont	P. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:00 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 4:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 5, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for Dubois, Red Bank Junction and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 7:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in effect May 4, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Stimpson, Derrick, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with Pittsburg, Bradford & Eastern for points east and west.

10:55 a. m.—Train 10, daily for Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren-Irvington, Corry, Union City and Erie.

7:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Stimpson, Derrick, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for points south, and with Pittsburg, Bradford & Eastern for points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Driftwood, Renovo, Philipsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address R. M. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. H. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Pennsa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 10, Passenger Train Service. Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
	9:00	Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar.	2:20	6:30
	9:08	Mt. Jewett Jct.	2:12	6:22
3:07	9:30	Mt. Pleasant	1:50	6:00
3:10	9:33	Hazelhurst	1:47	5:57
3:18	9:41	Marvindale	1:39	5:49
3:21	9:44	Rixson	1:36	5:46
3:26	9:49	Corrigan	1:31	5:41
3:30	9:53	Marvin Creek	1:27	5:37
3:34	9:57	Smethport	1:23	5:33
		Ar.	Lv.	
3:50	10:13	Smethport	7:00	11:10
3:51	10:14	Crosswell	6:59	11:09
3:56	10:19	Mudlick	6:54	11:04
4:01	10:24	Farmers Valley	6:49	10:59
4:11	10:34	Coryville	6:39	10:49
4:20	10:43	Lafayette	6:30	10:40

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. L. LEWIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C. & P. Railroad

CUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Time Table, taking effect Sunday, March 18, 1901.

A.M. Eastward	STATIONS	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	Ar P.M.
8:05	Ulysses	7:10	2:20	9:10
7:50	Orowell	6:53	2:05	8:54
7:46	Carpenter	6:49	2:01	8:50
7:20	Perkins	6:23	1:35	8:24
7:07	New Germany	6:10	1:22	8:11
7:05	Newfield	6:08	1:20	8:09
7:00	Gulf	6:03	1:15	8:04
6:55	Raymond	5:58	1:10	7:59
6:45	Seven Bdg's	5:48	1:00	7:49
6:40	Colesburg	5:43	12:55	7:44
6:25	Prinks	5:28	12:40	7:29
6:15	Coudersport	5:18	12:30	7:19
6:10	Ar.	Dp. 5:13	12:25	7:14
A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

A.M.	P.M.		P.M.
4:20	7:45	Dp. Ar.	8:28
4:05	7:30	Hammond	8:13
3:55	7:20	Olmsted	8:03
3:50	7:15	Allen	7:58
3:45	7:10	Knowlton	7:53
3:40	7:05	Roulette	7:48
3:30	6:55	Burtville	7:38
3:25	6:50	Coleman	7:33
3:20	6:45	Chem. Wells	7:28
3:15	6:40	Pt. Allegany	7:23
P.M.	P.M.		A.M.

P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.
6:00	10:15	Dp. Ar.	5:30	10:45
5:55	10:10	Ar.	Dp.	10:40
5:50	10:05	Larabee		10:35
5:45	10:00	Ar.	Dp.	10:30
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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WASHINGTON D. C.

MARY ANN, *The* UNLUCKY

By Elliot Walker . . .

Copyright, 1895, by T. C. McClure.

Nature had developed Mary Ann on large physical lines, noteworthily in regard to her pedal extremities and hands. Perhaps her mouth also might be included in the general extension, but its broadening effect was somewhat mitigated by two enormous dimples which were constantly in evidence. Her hair was well, some people are sensitive respecting too much description. We will call it bright in color, with a tendency to curl.

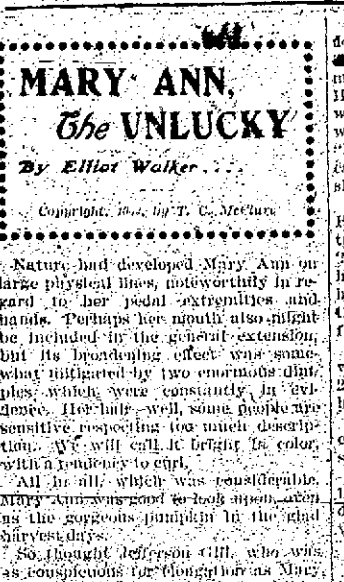
All in all, which was considerable, Mary Ann was good to look upon, even as the gorgeous pumpkin in the glad harvest days.

So thought Jefferson Gill, who was as conspicuous for slenderness as Mary Ann was for rotundity. He drove a baker's cart along the outlying highways, invariably halting at the gate before the cleanly farmhouse of Mary Ann's father, with the loud cries of his vocation.

Not that he effected sales of any account, but a glass of cool milk was much to his taste and other considerations.

Mary Ann was possessed of what is known as a "falling foot." To be more explicit, she stumbled easily and apparently with little provocation. This was a source of much mortification and some damage, the latter, however, being mainly confined to articles she fell with or people she fell on. Her early experiences had guided her to the art of letting herself go the moment her equilibrium became displaced, and now she could hop down almost gracefully and hardly break an egg in the basket. But it was a mortification to the flesh, and, considering her size, it must have been a great mortification.

She favored Jefferson. It was a full year since that fall in the road behind the baker's cart, when, with a cream cake in each hand, he stepping upon a round stone and the attraction of



GOING DOWN THE HILL, MARY ANN TRIED UPON A BANANA PEEL.

gravitation had launched her suddenly upon the angular form of Mr. Gill as he stooped over to pick up the nickel she had dropped.

A natural anxiety for the cream cakes caused a rather heavier settlement than usual, and Mr. Gill suffered accordingly. But as he was very polite he accepted apologies protestingly and after being brushed off with a broom took two more cream cakes from his stock, sat upon the piazza with Mary Ann and ate them sociably, though gaspingly, for his respiration was badly affected for several minutes.

This was a long past incident now and acquaintance had ripened to affection. Jefferson's life was lonely, he had a snug sum in the bank and lately his mind dwelt largely upon Mary Ann.

"Going to be a circus," he announced one warm afternoon, "Saturday. Want to go?"

The hand holding out the glass of milk she had brought him unclasped in excitement. "Do I?" cried the object of his attentions. "Oh, murder! What did I drop that for? Let me get the mop."

As she hurried in from the porch Jefferson gazed mournfully at his shoe and the white stream trickling over the floor. "I'm half afraid to take her," he muttered. "She's sure to have something happen. Never did I see her like for dropping things and falling down. It's her way, though," he added gallantly, "and she'll get over it. Growed too fast, that's all."

The appearance of Mary Ann with mop, towel, a fresh offering from the dairy and a joyful smile dispelled his annoyance. She gave a couple of vigorous wipes with the mop, then fell upon her knees and scrubbed the anointed shoe with great energy.

"It's too bad! I'm awful sorry, Jeff. Leaked in on your stocking, didn't it? Of course I'll go to the show. Ain't I the clumsiest thing? Pa says I'll be the death of somebody yet! I'll wear my new hat."

"Come, come," cried Jefferson, breaking in on her disjointed exclamations, "don't bother with that old shoe. Sit up here by me, and I'll tell you." His hand rested lightly on the curly head.

"Don't," he said gently. "I hate to see you doing that."

The girl looked up quickly, then down, and rubbed harder than before. That rapid glance in the blue eyes made Mr. Gill's mouth flutter wildly. He saw a blush stealing down the dear white neck. His hand stole to her white wrist and clasped it firmly. "No, Mary Ann," he whispered, "I can't bear for you to be cleaning my shoes."

"I don't mind," whispered the girl. But she rose obediently and suddenly turned from him. "They call me Mary Ann the Unlucky," he heard her murmur. "Mebbe"— She pulled her hand away, brushed by him into the house, and he saw her eyes were full of tears.

Jefferson rose instantly. This was very unlike Mary Ann. "Be ready at 2 o'clock Saturday," he called after her.

"All right, Jeff," came back a smothered reply, and Mr. Gill departed in some bewilderment.

"I must have grabbed her too hard," he mused anxiously. "Lord knows I didn't mean to hurt her. I shaw—I was just going to say something."

* * * * * * *

Jefferson felt pride in Mary Ann. He had steered her for she him successfully through the crowd. She had enjoyed herself hugely and been sparing in her demands for peanuts and red lemonade and had not broken down the tent as upon a former occasion.

Now the circus was over, and her warm arm hoisted him on toward the entrance of the grounds as they chuckled and laughed outright in pleased recollection of amusing scenes.

Going down the little hill, well away from the press of pushing strangers, Mary Ann trod upon a banana peel. It was enough. With the derision of distant onlookers ringing in his ears Jefferson, his face red and angry, pulled her up. "I knew you'd do something," he groaned.

His companion, after the common impulse, glared savagely at the spot of humiliation, then quickly stooped and thrust her hand in the short grass.

"Lost anything?" inquired Mr. Gill.

"No. Found something. Don't let anybody see you looking."

She cautiously unfolded her palm. There lay a twenty dollar gold piece.

"Come right along," said Jefferson hastily.

Half an hour later on the lonely country road they paused under a great elm and examined the coin.

"It's all right," proclaimed Mr. Gill. "Pretty dirty, but the rest shines. Your luck has turned, Mary Ann. Will you spend it for what I want you to get?" His light tone trembled, and his face was white.

"Tell me, Jeff." As on the porch three days before her eyes searched his and dropped.

"A—a wedding gown."

"Yes, dear, and—and—I'll try not to fall down in it."

A Trained Monkey.

A woman tells of a monkey which she saw while in Paris which was so well trained in good manners that it was almost impossible to believe that he did not understand what was said to him. The Japan Weekly Mail describes the animal's accomplishments:

When the woman met the monkey suddenly on the stairs one day, the creature stood in the corner to allow her to pass, and when she said, "Good morning!" he took off his cap and bowed.

"Are you going away?" she asked. "Where is your passport?" Pulling off his cap, he took from the crown a paper, opened it and showed it to her. When some one observed that her dress was dusty, the courteous monkey took a brush from the table and carefully brushed her dress and then her shoes.

When any one gave him food he always made a low bow before taking it and then ate it slowly and daintily. He had been taught to eat eggs with a spoon and to use a knife and fork. He could lock and unlock a drawer, thread a needle, uncork a bottle and polish his master's shoes. He seemed to take great pleasure in gay company and paid close attention to the conversation, looking in turn at each speaker as if he understood what was said.

This remarkable monkey was never placed on exhibition. He died at an early age of pneumonia.

Cures For Rheumatism.

In Michigan a double cedar knot is carried in the pocket to cure rheumatism, and in New Hampshire a man carried a gall from the stems of goldenrod for the same disease. A small white grub is in the gall and he thought as long as the grub remained alive no rheumatism could get hold of him. Hickory nuts, the buckeye and its cousin, the horse chestnut, which brings good luck in New Jersey, are other foes to rheumatism in different localities.

Some people wear a strange ring made of a potato with a hole bored through it for rheumatism and others carry a plain potato in the pocket. The charm is more potent if the potato has been stolen. Almost anything seems to have rheumatism fighting properties, for in southern Michigan a pebble in the pocket serves to ward it off.

Carlyle's Ennui.

Carlyle tried to make the purse proud English ashamed of their gentility, respectability and rubbish. He taught that work was noble, idleness shameful; that ladies and gentlemen who live to please themselves live the life of a beast—of the poodle on their hearth rug; that duty, not pleasure, was "our being's end and aim;" that realities were better than shams. But to make the "upper middle classes" swallow all this he was obliged to disguise the medicinal truth, not exactly in nectar, but in a Scotch porridge manufactured for the purpose, a notable "stirabout" of his own.—"Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer."

LITTLE BARBADOS.

The Island Contains About the Proudest People on Earth.

None of the great nations of the earth is half so proud of itself as the little colony of Barbados, a mere speck in the Caribbean, which calls itself "the little England of the tropics."

Above all England's West Indian isles Barbados has belonged to England ever since it was first colonized by white men. It has never been conquered by the enemy, as the others have been. This fact naturally gives the Barbadians a good conceit of themselves and indeed makes them just about the proudest people on earth.

When just before the Crimean war England was debating whether she should attack Russia the Barbadians sent this message to the cabinet:

"Go ahead. Don't be afraid. Barbados is behind you."

King George was offered an asylum by "little England" when Napoleon Bonaparte proposed to invade England.

"If you were driven from England," the Barbadians wrote, "come here. You will be safe with us as in your own."

When England was suffering her worst reverses in South Africa the Barbadians were not worried. They knew that if matters really reached a crisis Barbados would go in and finish the business, as one of their newspapers seriously put it.

Walking Leaves.

Nature's law being almost universal so far as the protection of the weak creatures is concerned, it is not at all wonderful perhaps that she has formed insects into perfect counterparts of flowers, leaves, sticks, etc. Some of the "walking leaves," those which are natives of India, China and Japan in particular, are large, grotesque looking creatures, their resemblance being strikingly like a bundle of yellow twigs joined together with faded, macerated leaves. The limbs of this species of insect are long, slender and very flexible, the coloring being suited to that particular species of vegetation upon which the deceptive mimicked subsists.

The "walking stick," like the walking leaf, is also very deceptive as far as looks go. The males have small, slender bodies, the legs or arms starting from it just as smaller limbs of a tree or woody stem from larger ones.

The "walking thorn" of Java belongs to this curious order of insects, as do also the "devil's horse" and the mantis. The "walking thorn" looks exactly like the large elongated spine of our common honey locust tree, even in color and general contour.

How Eyes Are Tested.

The theory of the optically perfect eye is that parallel rays of light entering it are brought to a focus on its retina. Any deviation from this condition constitutes an error of refraction and requires for its correction an artificial variation of the luminous rays. The generally adopted method of determining the refraction of the eye is to use test types placed at such a distance that the rays of light emanating from them may be regarded in practice as parallel, and the deviation from parallelism necessary to correct a refractive error is effected by placing a lens in front of the eye. There are many other methods of changing the course of luminous rays coming from a test object, and of these the single convex lens is the simplest and most often used in optometry.

Crushing an Actor.

A brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Sir Henry Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future.

"I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such and such a part, and after that I shall appear as Hamlet."

"Um!" drawled Irving. "As—eh—Hamlet, did you say?"

The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once.

"Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Irving blandly, "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."—Harper's Weekly.

The Clydesdale Horse.

The Clydesdale horse should walk at a swinging pace of not less than four miles an hour, and if he wants to trot he should move straight and close, with the points of the hocks turned inward rather than outward. He should not be wide between the thighs nor should his fore legs be planted on the outside of his shoulders, causing him to walk like a bulldog.

The Wrong Man.

Visitor (to office boy)—Please ask the manager if he is too busy to see me.

Office Boy (a moment later)—Yes. He says he is too busy.

Visitor—Very well. Tell him that I will call again next year. I wanted to pay my subscription.

Simple, but Essential.

Rising Author—Is my manuscript hard to edit?

Editor—No; it requires only a second's work to every other page.

Rising Author—Erasing a word on it?

Editor—No; putting it in quotation marks.

Gave Him a Turn.

The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Chicago Tribune.

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces.—Emerson.

WHEN A MAN'S LAZY

By SNOWDEN KING

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"P-r-o-v-i-d-e-n-c-e!"

When the train stopped a girl came up the steps, a tall, bright faced young woman, with an alert air that stamped her instantly as one of the world's workers.

A man at one of the smoker windows threw out a freshly lighted cigar and made his way into the back coach. "I wonder," he mused, "why it is she always knows just what to wear and how to wear it. Dark skirt, not too long, blue shirt waist, sailor hat."

"Allow me." Before she was aware of his presence he had raised the window she was trying at.

"You?" she interrogated.

"None other," he laughed. "And what do you mean by coupling him up in quite so unceremonious a way? I thought you were in Boston working as mere hod you can work."

"Mother and I have been taking a much needed vacation two miles out of Providence with Aunt Ruth Arthold, mother's sister. You don't know what a time we have had—fried chicken, fresh milk and eggs, the finest scenery and the dearest aunt in the world."

"Oh, but I do know," he interrupted, "for I have been enjoying the same with the aunt a few miles down the bay. I didn't feel like going the regular rounds this summer, so I took my vacation late and in my own way."

"Your vacation!" And Bessie Stuart laughed soft and low. "From what, please? Confess you have never done a day's work in your life."

"And you," she answered softly, "have done too many of them."

"No," she said quickly. She was afraid when this man's voice and eyes took on their present tone of tender, perhaps, more than anything else. "Since I have taken up illustrating I have to use the pencils as well as the hours, so as to keep up my reporting."

"Are you going to do reporting this winter? It is such hard, grinding work for a woman, Bessie. I hate to see you do it, and with all my heart I wish I had the power to say you shall not."

She looked at him steadily. "Do you know that sometimes you are almost impudent? Yes, I must do reporting this winter. It will be a year at least before I can give it up for more congenial employment. Illustrating does not pay quite well enough yet to take care of the stuffs financially. I suppose your work will be the same," and her lips curled a little scornfully, "setkars, club dinners, the theater and the usual round of social functions?"

He glanced through the window at the falling leaves, a struggle took on his handsome face. "Yes, Bessie my work will be the same, will always be the same until life is put away."

"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed, "you were made for something better than an idle, useless life."

He laughed and the spell was broken. But Jack Hammond knew by the way his heart thumped that it was dangerously sweet to hear Bessie Stuart say "Jack" in that soft, appealing way.

The friends of handsome Jack Hammond would, one and all, have told you he was an idler, but his father was one of the wealthiest men in Boston. From a mansion in Beacon street to a little three room house in one of the barest portions of the city is quite a distance, both socially and financially, but Jack had done away with it easily in his acquaintance with Bessie Stuart. They had met at a ball a year ago at Mrs. Ostrander's. Bessie's aunt, a wealthy society woman, who, when Mr. Stuart died, opened her doors to his widow and daughter.

Bessie had stoutly refused. "No, aunt, I cannot," she had said, "even though you are papa's sister. Mamma and I will live alone, and you will see that I shall take care of her beautifully."

Mrs. Ostrander secretly admired the proud independence of her favorite niece and was always devising plans to have her with her as often as possible.

There was silence between Jack and Bessie for some time. He broke it by saying:

"Are you going to be present at your aunt's dinner Wednesday evening?"

"Yes, that is what I am going home for now. Mamma will stay with Aunt Ruth another week, but I promised Aunt Ostrander I would spend the last days of my vacation with her. I had a letter from her yesterday in regard to the dinner. She writes me I am to wear an elegant gown and go down with John Leigh, author. Don't you think that is glory enough for one young woman in one evening?"

"I should think so. And you are to meet your idol at last, are you? Bessie, has it ever occurred to you that perhaps you may be disappointed in him?"

"I shall like him." And the girl's voice had a very positive note. "I have read everything he has written for four years, and some of them have been my text for the C. magazine. I say it's only several of his stories. I can even tell you what he looks like though I have never seen him. He is dark for one thing and has a strong, thoughtful face. I wonder what he is coming to Boston for?"

The quizzical smile deepened in Jack's blue eyes. "Where does he live when he is at home?"

Bessie's brows drew together in a thoughtful frown. "Well, I don't believe I ever really heard. Somehow I have always thought of him as living in New York city."

Just then the train stopped at a small station and picked up a man, a Bostonian, every inch. There was nothing in his appearance to cause Jack to start as though he were guilty of a crime and this man the avenger, but he did. For the first time in all his life he did not want to see Matthews Hilton, for he had told him only a few days ago that a secret which had been a secret between them for five long years of close companionship need be one no longer.

"There's Mr. Hilton, the publisher," Bessie exclaimed. "Whoever would have thought of seeing him down here?"

Bessie—Jack whispered hurriedly, he hadn't much time, for his Nemesis was coming toward them with a bright smile on his face—"could you forgive me for deliberately deceiving you?"

"Good morning, Miss Stuart. I see by his happy face that you have forgiven the boy." And Hilton's hand was laid cheerfully on Jack's shoulder for a moment. "I want to thank you for it, for the fear that you would not have been the shadow of John Leigh Hammond's sunshine for months. Please let him enjoy his laurels, for he has won them royally."

Mr. Hilton proceeded to make himself comfortable by turning a seat to face the friends, but at that moment a door banged and a man he must see passed into the smoker. "Never mind," he smiled as he left them. "I'll join you later."

Jack Hammond had grown very white—He turned to Bessie, his eyes desperate. He never quite realized until that moment just what the girl's real displeasure would mean to him.

"It is as bad as it seems, Bessie. I have allowed you to idealize a name, and you have found that he is only a plain, common man after all. Are you going to ever try to forgive me?"

"Oh, Jack, I was not thinking of that at all, but of how cruelly unjust I have been to you. I believe I have called you lazy, and all the time you were doing such an immense lot of work it makes me fairly dizzy to think of it."

"None of that matters now." And Jack's hand closed tightly over hers. "Is it for life, sweetheart?" For a moment the steady, blue eyes held the brown eyes fast. Then the brown ones drooped, and the answer was, "Forever and forever."

A Symposium.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Do business on tick," said the clock.

"Never lose your head," said the barber.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the glue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the door bell.

"Be smart in all your dealings," said the knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Trust to your stars for success," said the night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.—Life.

Tragic Joking.

Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some joke, and New Year's morning each received this notice: "Remember." They were on their guard.

As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted Oswald slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but paused before they reached him.

"This is his ruse," some one said.

Clearly the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as it with terrible pain.

His friends stood around and made jokes and puns and hummed lines of comic songs, assuring him all the while that they were not deceived by his acting. At last he gave a hoarse, mournful cry, looked at them sadly and then ceased to moan or writhe. In a never to be forgotten moment of horror and sorrow his friends realized that Oswald was dead. "Souvenirs d'un Vieux Libraire."

Magnificent Colors of the Toucan.

People who have only seen stuffed toucans in a museum can have no proper idea of the astonishing magnificence and beauty of their rainbow coloring in a state of nature, for the most delicate and most iridescent of all their hues are those of the big beak and the soft, naked parts of the face and body. Here blue and green, crimson, orange and yellow pass quickly into one another by daintily gradations. Unhappily the tints of the soft parts are so very evanescent that they disappear altogether within a few hours after death, and without them to harmonize the general effect of the whole the gaudy coloring of the permanent plumage is apt to strike one in a museum as positively garish in its crude reds and yellows.

A living toucan, on the contrary, though almost barbaric in its magnificence, can never be accused of vulgarity and taste. It is like St. Mark's at Venice or the Moorish decorations of the Alhambra at Granada: polychromatic to the last degree, yet always beautifully harmonious.—Cornhill Magazine.

THE TRUE FISHERMAN.

He Enjoys Nature's Beauties and Is Not a Mere Butcher.

The angler's art is but a pretext, or rather, the incentive to a ramble and not the sole object of the fisherman, unless, alas, he belongs to that too common variety, the man whose sole object is his catch. Such a man fishes with a worm, fillets fingerlings in the depth of his basket and photographs his catch as a witness of his crimes. He is not a fisherman, but a butcher. A yellow primrose on the river's bank is to him a primrose and nothing more.

The true fisherman loves to catch fish, to match his wits against the weary trout, but as he wrinkles from poor to read the songs of the birds greet him cheerfully. Every turn in the stream reveals a nook in which strange wild flowers nestle. The gentle excitement of the sport prevents the scene from becoming monotonous. The element of chance, the uncertainty of the catch, and the drop of adrenaline super which gives zest to the day. And the noontide meal by the brink of the stream! Who did it not have a most delightful thing? Debunking never served a trout like unto Adam we have eaten by the banks of a mountain brook with the clear blue sky above, the waving forest round about and the murmuring stream at our feet.

The hour of contemplation comes afterward, with the pipe of peace in our hand instead of the relinquished rod. How far off the city seems! Are there such things as corporations, trusts, stocks, bonds, electric lights that amaze the sight, harsh warnings of trolley gongs, the rumble and grind of the wheels and the brakes on the elevated road which affright the ear? The harshest note that breaks the stillness here is the boom of the bittern in the distant marsh.

How to camp the fisherman goes, taking a cast in this silent pool in which the trout rose in the forenoon to his cast, but missed the fly, or in that dark hole deep under the bank in which a vigilant eye may detect the brown sides of a trout with lazily waving fins and tail, an old campaigner not easily caught.—Dr. A. T. Bristow in World's Work.

CHINESE CONTRASTS.

We bake bread in China they steam it.

We divide the day into twenty-four hours; they into twelve.

We locate intellect in the brain; they locate it in the stomach.

Our calendar is based on solar time; theirs is based on lunar time.

With us the seat of honor is on the right; with them it is on the left.

Our given name precedes the surname; theirs follows the surname.

The needle of our compass points to the north; theirs points to the south.

We have standard weights and measures; their weights and measures differ in each district.

Our children stand facing the teacher to recite their lessons; theirs turn their backs to the teacher.

Our watchmen quietly go their rounds, with a view to catching thieves; theirs beat gongs and yell to frighten them away.

We bury our dead a few days after their decease; they often keep theirs in the house in hearse, called coffins, for years.—"China's Millions."

The Hookah in India.

The hookah is smoked as a refreshment and sign of fellowship by the natives of India and not merely as a luxury. When a group of natives are seated together and as is the custom, the hookah is passed around to each in turn it is considered very bad manners for any one to decline to have a few puffs. If the hookah is thus refused in a friend's house or while one is the guest of another it is regarded as an insult. If for any reason a native is put out of caste the fact is strictly marked by his former caste fellow's refusal to smoke with him and any one who eats, drinks or smokes with an outcast is himself outcasted.—Chambers' Journal.

"Executive Ability."

"But then, of course, he has executive ability," we said conclusively.

"Executive ability!" repeated our acquaintance. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the quality of holding subordinates responsible for failures and taking credit to ourselves for their successes," we responded.

Which we considered rather clever for studied impromptu.—New York Herald.

Old and Bad.

Kind Hearted Citizen—Tut, tut, tut! Don't worry over it, little boy. You didn't break your pitcher, and there's no use, you know, in crying over spilt milk.

Little Boy—Do I talk as if I was cryin', mister? (Resumes his violent language.)—Chicago Tribune.

A Mystery Explained.

"I don't understand," said the ignoramus at the academy, "why they always put the bald-headed men up in the front row."

"That's easy," butted in the usher. "They put 'em up there so they'll be near the lights."—Boston Herald.

Evil.

Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute. It is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity.—Emerson.

A Poor Bargainer.

Ethel—I offered Ferdy a penny for his thoughts.

Edith—Well, I'll never let you do any shopping for me!—Puck.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

ABE'S LITTLE FLIER

By GRANT THORBURN

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For years he'd been a power in the Flatbrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. He was at other times to shine at the fairs, and candy sales, and donation parties, and school commencements, for he was a prestidigitator, and he was the regular thing at the village entertainments.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flatbrookers became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinchman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian box trick and the juggler's sword tricks of the metropolis. They did not know that down in the cities the base members of society, if they ever did attend a sleight of hand performance, always came in when the card and coin tricks commenced and promptly went out when the Indian box trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distraught and cold. So Abe made up his mind. He drew about two thirds of his bank deposit and started for New York. He was determined to learn a few new tricks, buy some new paraphernalia and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity, and he went.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well dressed young man boarded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinchman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and entered into conversation at once. Abe told him all he knew and many things that he didn't. The stranger was not so communicative and confined himself strictly to fiction, although Abe couldn't know that, of course.

"Now, look a here," remarked this man. "Don't you go to any hotel. You go to a private boarding house. They won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The place was situated in a rather obscure street, but the rates were cheap. Abe's companion, by a singular coincidence, boarded there himself.

After supper they went upstairs into the parlor. A caller was announced, a rather seedy personage. He wanted to see Abe's new companion. They talked together in one corner while Abe sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinchman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? My judge of them?" Abe glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye.

"Somethin'," he replied. "Was in a jewelry store up home for a while. Why? What's up?"

"Why, sly," continued the other, "here's a friend of mine in a fix. He's got some good diamonds, and wants me to loan about $200 on 'em. They're worth $800 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got $200 or I'd lend it to him. S'pose you do it. How much have you got?" This was a superfluous question, for he had discovered on the train that Hinchman had just $250.

"Well, now, here," went on the other, "he says if he don't pay up in a week you can keep the stones, see? He can't pay up, and the stones are the real thing, see? And you'll be in the difference between a couple of hundred and most a thousand, see?"

Hinchman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, provided the gems were genuine. He excused himself a moment, went to his room and put $200 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance.

They had to go to the friend's room a few blocks distant up a dark, dingy staircase. The friend produced the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch them unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined their worth and genuine character. This was fair, and they went. It was really superfluous, for Abe could tell by the merest examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them. The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred apiece, but that he would give $150 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinchman's friend of Hinchman. "They ain't worth as much as we thought, but there's a good clear profit in it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and if he does you get your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and once more examined. From that time on Abe Hinchman kept his eyes, not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the $250 and a small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and—they put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and replaced them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both upon the table.

"Now, gents," he concluded, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I s'pose it is on yours. Now, there's your money, and here's—"

There was a loud rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him were two other men.

"Don't move!" he yelled to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery."—

Hinchman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinchman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the envelope containing the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinchman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen." They waited not, but burst through the men at the door and leaped down the stairs. Hinchman was left to face the three men.

"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "we got you anyways. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinchman told the whole story from beginning to end. The three men evidently didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street and there told him they would let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the morning to prosecute the others. He promised, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house. Once there, he gathered up his grip, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he fetched up at the Astor House. There he took a room.

Once in his room, he slung his grip in a corner, took off his hat and wiped his brow with a bandanna kerchief. Then he drew carefully from his inside pocket first an envelope and then a small bag. In the envelope was Abe Hinchman's $200, and in the bag were four genuine stones. The other men, wherever they were, also had an envelope and a little bag, but in the one was simply a roll of green paper and in the other a few dried beans.

Abe Hinchman had merely played it as low down on "us" as he could, that's all. Legerdemain comes handy once in awhile. He strolled around and sold two of the stones. The other two he kept.

A week later Abe Hinchman stepped off the train at Flatbrook and sauntered down the street. A diamond stud shone in his shirt bosom. He smoked a twenty cent cigar.

"Pretty flip, Abe," remarked a townsman—the jeweler, in fact—as he inspected the pin. "Where'd you get the dough?"

"Just been taking a little flier in Wall street with the boys," remarked Abe carelessly. Another hailed him.

"Well, Abe," said this one, "you look first rate. What you been doin' down there?"

"Well," returned Abe, "you can just bet that I stood on the steps in front of the Astor House along with the best of them, yes, sir, I did."

"Here's a little thing for you, Mike," suggested Abe to Doc Clarkson's girl that day—"that is, if you'll say 'Yes.'" It was a magnificent solitaire ring. "Oh, Abe!" sighed the young lady in assent.

A week later Abe Hinchman entertained a select audience with the Indian box trick, the sword trick, the clothes basket trick, the goblet trick and every trick in the business. It was simply great.

Napoleon's Character.

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne and the recruiting ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously as people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

Conjuring a Tooth.

Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth" in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The bearer of the ax chops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a jackknife nine splinters from the roots of the tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts and finally buries the splinters at the root of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something you don't understand, which is the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

The Knight Rejoiced.

We believe that kissing is an English custom. We read in ancient history of a knight who visited the Field of the Cloth of Gold and who on being invited to a local castle was addressed by the "kynde ladye" of the establishment, who remarked:

"Forasmuch as in England ye have such a custome as that a man may kysse a woman, therefore I will that ye shall kysse me, and ye shall also kysse these my maidens."

"Which thing," adds the old historian, "ye knyghte straightway did and rejoyced greatly thereat."

His Guess.

"Where were they married?"

"I ain't jest sure," answered the small boy, "'cause they left me home, but I guess it was in the steeple."

"In the steeple?"

"Well, I heard 'em say it was a high church wedding."—Chicago Post.

There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world—those who are sad because they are not known and those who are miserable because they are known too well.

Do not fancy yourself a martyr of the first class solely because you have been badly bitten in a horse trade.—Dallas News.

PICTURES IN THE EYE

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF THAT COMPLEX ORGAN, THE BRAIN.

Theories as to the Cause of the Living Colored Fanciful and Changing Images That Appear on Lying Down After an Exciting Day.

There are many who will not readily understand what is meant by pictures in the eye, unless it be the imagination, or "mind's eye," of Hamlet, for the power of seeing them is not conferred on all alike. Even those who have seen them from time to time, and probably given them little heed, may not feel altogether sure about the matter without a word of explanation.

Lying in bed, after a tiring or exciting day, with your eyes closed and about to fall asleep, have you never seen, apparently in the eyeball, spots and streaks of colored light, changing their forms and shifting their places? Have you never watched them passing into complicated patterns, like those of the kaleidoscope, or into pretty landscapes quite unknown to you, or into strange faces, now and again very beautiful or angelic, but often as ugly and hideous as goblins from the infernal regions, or, haply, into scenes of action reminding you of the drama, but such as you never saw in real life or upon any stage? These pictures are more alive than the "living pictures" of the music halls. They have the hues of life and art and rival the quick change artist in their protean transformations. The animatograph that can imitate their ceaseless evolution without a hitch or tremor will be a novelty and make the fortune of its inventor.

What are they? It is one of the mysteries of that marvelous—nay, miraculous—organ, the brain. We must distinguish them from other mysteries of the border land which lies between the adjoining states of wide awake and sound asleep.

They are not the images of a reverie or day dream. Whether we recall the past in our waking hours or invent new incidents like a novelist, we can govern them to some extent and are quite aware of their fanciful or mental character. They are not a hallucination in the proper sense of the term. We feel they are subjective, or within us; we suppose them in the eye itself, whereas we believe a hallucination is objective, or without us. An apparition or specter that we take for a reality is a hallucination. The ghost of Hamlet's father, witnessed by several persons, and the spook of his distant brother, seen by Lord Brougham, were probably hallucinations of a "delusive order." The picture of Milton, where a man starts up and sees a luminous lady at the foot of his bed, is a case of hallucination. The "dream, image" of the undergraduate who dreamed that he was chased by a Greek figure and awakening saw it in his room was also a hallucination.

Pictures in the eye are more akin to what are called "after images." A gentleman (a doctor, if we are not mistaken), after a fatiguing day, was cheered by the sight of a beefsteak for his dinner, as he very well might, but seemingly the steak made a deep impression on his mind or his digestion, for while he was drowsing with his eyes closed after eating it, he saw it again as vividly as before, and on dropping asleep he saw it a third time in his dream. It was doubtless a substantial steak, not a ghost, and yet it haunted him.

There is, of course, more than one theory of these living pictures in the eye or, as they are called in science, "hypnogogic images." One is that they are formed on the retina of the eye and confined to it. Another is that they are purely mental and formed in the cortex or bark, so to speak, of the cerebrum. As often happens, the truth appears to lie in a combination of both views. Recent observations of M. Yves Delage have put the question to experimental proof. When we look at a bright body—for example, the sun—and shut our eyes we see a colored spot of light, and if we move the eye up or down, to right or left, the spot moves with it. The spot, in fact, is left by the image of the sun upon the retina and therefore moves with it. Now, if the hypnogogic images are on the retina they will also move with the eye, and this is what M. Delage has found. Nevertheless, the brain also comes into play in forming them.

Corry O'Lanus.

Joseph O'Brien is an Irishman who has traveled all over the world, served in the royal navy and knows everybody. You can never mention a man or a fact or anything else but Joe knows it.

One evening I was sitting in a "decent public" with some friends discussing the recent events.

I closed my remarks with a quotation from "Coriolanus," and just then Joe walked in and happened to hear it.

"Who said that?" said Joe.

"Oh, Coriolanus. Of course you knew him."

"No, I never knew him, but I knew his people. A fine old Roscommon family, the O'Lanuses. I knew all his brothers, but I never knew Corry."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Leaf Cutting Bees.

The leaf cutting bees are near relatives of the honey and bumble bees, which they closely resemble. They derive their name from the habit you have observed of cutting out bits of leaves for their cells. The circular pieces are for the ends of the cells and the oblong pieces for the sides. These cells are usually in burrows cut into wood, for some of the leaf cutting bees, like the carpenter bees, have the talent of cutting holes into wood.—St. Nicholas.

Very Playful.

"Your little brother seems like a playful boy."

"Yes, he is. He's very playful. When sister was married he stopped up the chimney, threw pepper in the fire, put brandy in the lemonade and turned the garden hose on the minister. Oh, he's playful all right."

THE ANT QUEENS.

They Live Longer Than the Workers of Their Communities.

How long may an ant queen live? In their natural habitats some queens doubtless have short lives, but by reason of the protection afforded them and the seclusion enforced by the workers they probably live much longer than either members of the community. Within artificial surroundings they attain a comparatively long life. The oldest ormet queen known to science was one preserved under the care of Sir John Lubbock, later Lord Avebury. A number of years ago during a visit to this distinguished naturalist at his country seat, High Elms, Kent, the writer for the first time saw this venerable sovereign living in the ingenious artificial formicary which had been prepared for her. She was then in the prime of life, as it afterward appeared, being seven years old.

In the summer of 1887 Sir John was again visited, this time at his town house in London. After greetings he was asked about his royal pet.

"I have sad news to tell you," he answered.

"What? Is the queen dead?"

"She died only yesterday. I have not had the heart to tell the news as yet even to my wife."

Having offered my hearty condolence, I asked to see the dead queen. Sir John led the way to the room where his ardent pets were kept. The glass case which contained the special formicary in which the old ant had lived was opened up. Lying in one of the larger open spaces or cells was the dead queen. She was surrounded by a crowd of workers, who were tenderly licking her, touching her with their antennæ and making other demonstrations as if soliciting her attention or desiring to wake her out of sleep. Poor, dumb, loving, faithful creatures! There was no response. Their queen mother lay motionless beneath their demonstrations.

"They do not suspect to have discovered that she is really dead," remarked Sir John. Afterward he wrote me of another queen which died at the age of fourteen. The ants dragged her body about with them when they moved until it fell to pieces.—H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

A SNAKE STORY.

Men Who Coax the Venomous Reptiles to Bite Them.

"Men can become accustomed to snake bite just as they can become accustomed to anything else," said a man who had spent much time in studying the habits of reptilian life, "and in not a few instances which have come under my observation the snake bite habitually becomes not only pleasurable, but a kind of physical necessity. You see, the poison is stimulating. It works like an opiate of the kind administered by persons who fall victims to the pernicious habit of using the needle. Men of taking the stuff internally I have known a number of men who would make snakes bite them every day, and they simply couldn't get along without it. Their energies would begin to lag. They would feel drowsy and lifeless. By allowing a snake to bite them they could relieve this condition. The poison would stimulate and buoy up, having the same effect as a dose of morphine or cocaine or other kinds of dope has on persons addicted to its use. Of course they are careful not to get an overdose of poison, always extracting enough of it to keep down the dangerous consequences of the bite. Often men addicted to this ugly practice are forced to tantalize and goad the snake up to the point of desperation in order to make it bite. But they will strike after awhile. It is an awful thing to even think about, isn't it? But this world is filled with curious things and curious persons, and among the wonders of a coarser kind is the man who takes the snake fang 'hypo.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ginger Beer.

An excellent ginger beer may be prepared in the following manner: Take two ounces of cream of tartar, two pounds of lump sugar, two lemons cut in slices with the rind left on; put all these into a large pan or pitcher and pour two gallons of boiling water on them. Let this stand for several hours, strain it, and when quite cold add a tablespoonful of brewers' yeast and let it remain in the ginger beer for twelve hours. Then skim off the yeast and bottle the beer. Press the corks very firmly down and tie them. It will be ready for use in a week.

Grim Signs.

Rain during a burial is considered an excellent "sign" throughout the West Indian islands. If one measures his own height with a rod which has been used in measuring a corpse for the coffin he himself will die within the year. A stroke with the hand of a corpse is believed by the West Indian to be a sure cure for all pains and swellings.

It Made a Difference.

Mother—Goodness me! Is that Irene at the piano?

Little Son—Yes, ma.

Mother—Well, go and ask her what she is doing. If she is practicing she can keep on until the hour is up, but if she is playing tell her to stop.

Entirely Right.

Tess—Oh, yes, I feel pretty sure of him. I rejected him when he proposed first because I was positive he'd try again.

Jess—And you were right. He did try again, and I accepted him.—Stray Stories.

Comeliness, In Several Forms.

A Burmese proverb says: A priest is comely if he be lean; a four footed beast is comely when he is fat; a man becometh comely when he is wise, and a woman when she hath a husband.

A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.—Puck.

THE EXPERT CASTER.

Placing His Fly Is Not Mere Chance, But a Fine Art.

The art of casting is in itself simple and may be readily acquired by any painstaking fisherman. The rod passes only through a quadrant; it starts parallel with the water and, coming to the perpendicular, stops. The motion is a quick, rigid jerk as fast as it can be made, and the rod does the rest. The motion forward is at the beginning a gradual feeling for the tension of the line—that is, when it is about to straighten. Once this is assured the movement increases in rapidity from butt to tip, the result being much the same as driving at a peg with a long handled, hammer—slow at the start and quick at the finish, the bend of the rod being first at the butt and gradually ascending to the tip.

In casting nothing is left to chance by the expert caster. He knows exactly where he wants to put his fly, within a foot or two, and puts it there, the feathered barb traveling just high at from six inches to four feet above the water, as he may elect, although it may go above the shoulder if desired. In some long casts one may see the fly pass below the hip. Indeed the degree of command one can gradually acquire is really wonderful.

A single cast where fish are located is, as a rule, sufficient. They will rise at once, and if the fisherman is an expert at dropping his fly he can bring fish to the spot from some distance. One may frequently see fish attracted from a point so far from the fly that they break water two or three times before taking the hook. On the other hand, a fly awkwardly dropped will be taken with a leisurely grab, the fish simply sucking it in, and the exhilaration of a spirited rise is lost. The more expert a fisherman is at fly casting the more thoroughly he enjoys the sport.—Collier's Weekly.

Lounge Anatomy.

The modern interest in science through "observation" has become more or less of a mania. Even the children are bitten by it. The Little Chronicle says that Georgie, aged five, takes a great interest in physiology and anatomy.

One day some members of the family had been studying a dissected porcupine and making drawings of the bones.

Not long after his sisters took an old lounge apart, and Georgie watched them. Presently he came rushing to another member of the family, his eyes on fire, his cheeks flushed, and his locks flying behind him.

"Come! Come!" he cried, "if you want to study physiology now's your chance. The girls have got the lounge all to pieces!"

She Was Ashamed.

Mistress (angrily)—Bridget, I find that you were one of the evening gowns at the bus drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Bridget (meekly)—Oi wuz, mum. Oi wuz. An' the young man said as if Oi'd niver worn such a frock in public ag'in he'd break out engagement.—London Telegraph.

What a happy world this would be if every man spoke as well of his live neighbors as he does of his dead ones.

Never suffer the prejudice of the eye to determine the heart.—Zimmerman.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1903.

C. C. Decker, Treasurer of Keating Township School Funds, in account with Keating Township School District for the year ending June 1st, 1903.

	Dr.	
To amt. received from Co. Treas.		$ 2416 69
To amt. received from State Appropriation	2277 61	
To amt. received from Borrowed Money	2485 00	
To amt. received from Lafayette Twp., Tuition	117 67	
To amt. received from Otto Township, Tuition	100 74	
To amt. r'c'd from Bradford Twp., Tuition	46 18	
To amt. rec'd from Ginn & Co. for Old Books	27 62	
To amt. rec'd from Collector Burdick	1800 00	
To amt. received from Ex-Treasurer Hayes	132 35	13425 66
	Cr.	
By amt. paid Teachers	6411 00	
By amt. paid Teachers attending Institute	212 00	
By amt. paid Rent and Repairs	977 84	
By amt. paid School Text Books	308 45	
By amt. paid School Supplies other than text books	1041 97	
By amt. paid Building and Furnishing	382 56	
By amt. paid Debts and Interest	2239 30	
By amt. paid account Small Pox	337 30	
By amt. paid, Secretary's salary	225 00	
By amt. paid Fuel and Contingencies	873 81	
By amt. paid other expenses	103 61	
By commission on $15,068.84 at 2 per cent.	301 37	
Amt. due School Fund to balance	101 23	13425 66

F. A. Burdick, Collector of School Funds, in account with Keating Township School District for year ending June 1, 1903.

	Dr.	
To amt. due School District on settlement of 1901 on Duplicates of 1900-1 less com.	1070 06	
To 97% Duplicate of 1902	5808 81	6544 87
	Cr.	
By paid Treasurer Decker	3800 00	
By Exonerations on Dup. of 1900-1-2	629 04	
By Taxes returned to Co. Commissioners	99 06	
By commission on $3,800.00 at 2 per cent.	70 00	
Bal. due School District	2062 57	6544 87

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Amt. due on outstanding orders	3875 05	3875 05

RESOURCES.

Amt. due School District from Collector Burdick	2062 57	
Amt. due School District from Treasurer Decker	101 23	
Amt. due School District from Co. Treasurer	930 26	
Amt. due School District from other Twps. estimated	300 00	
Amt. Liabilities above Resources	440 97	3875 05

We, the undersigned Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Treasurer Decker and F. A. Burdick, Collector of Keating Township School Funds, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this the 6th day of June, A. D. 1903.

H. D. OTTO,
J. W. REED,
A. R. CORY,
Auditors.

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

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UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, Penna.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to E. H. Sourse.

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Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

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GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

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FOR SALE,

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Smethport ~ Penn.

March 5, 1903.